

MAY 30, 1955

SPORTS

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Only **KENT**
gives you the protection of
the MICRONITE FILTER



**WILL
SAM
REPEAT?**

SAM SNEAD warms up to defend his title in the 1955 Palm Beach Golf Championship to be held at Deepdale Golf Club, Great Neck, L. I., June 1 to 3. Competing will be 15 other greats of golfdom, including Cary Middlecoff, Masters' winner, Peter Thompson, British Open Champion, Mike Souchak and Jack Burke. This marks the 11th annual Golf Championship sponsored by the Palm Beach Company whose smart new Palm Beach® Sportswear will be seen on players and spectators alike.

SPORTS

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New developments modernize an old favorite: the Intervention rifle. By PAUL H. WALKER with three pages of guns IN COLOR by SID LATHAM



COVER: HERB SCORE

Photograph by Ily Perkin

Long, lean, red-faced Herbert Jude Score of the Cleveland Indians (see page 39), a 21-year-old left-handed pitcher in his first season in the major leagues, has been described as "so good you can't believe it." He won four of his first six games, pitched a three-hitter without one run, struck out 16 batters against, is waging a spirited fight with Bob Turley of the Yankees for the major league virtuoso leadership.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE INDIANAPOLIS 500

A complete round-up in words and pictures of America's great Memorial Day automobile racing classic

WHALING IN THE OLD-TIME WAY

John Huston, director of the forthcoming film version of "Moby Dick", reports on the Madeira whalers

THE NINE LIVES OF LEO DUROCHER: PART III

Suspension and disgrace; West Coast exile; and an uphill battle to greatness. By Robert Shaplen

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Wes Santee**, quick-striding, talkative Kansan, dropped down to half-mile day after running 4:05.5 mile at Los Angeles Coliseum Relays, had no trouble with wind as he ripped off 1:48.2 in California Relays at Modesto, Calif., bettered Mal Whitfield's recognized world record of 1:48.8 but was full second over 1:47.5 turned in by Lon Speerier March 26. ● **Texas** four-son of **Dean Smith**, **Al Frieder**, **Jerry Prewitt** and **Bob Whilden** fought off determined Houston quartet, sprinted to new world record of 6:48.2 for 440-yard relay; **Franklin (Bud) Hurd**, former Stanford star, hurled javelin 268 feet 2½ inches to beat own

world mark, at Modesto. ● **Charley Tidwell**, fast-stepping Independence, Kan. H.S. speedster, zipped over 180-yard low hurdles in 0:18.5, lowered U.S. scholastic standard at Wichita, Kan. ● **El Drag**, **Henry C. Ellsworth's** 4-year-old stallion of Kentucky Derby winner Swaps, flashed brilliant burst of speed, was guided to 1:26 clocking by **Johnny Langdon**, shattered world record for seven furlongs in \$15,000 Coughlin Handicap at Hollywood Park, Calif. ● **St. Vincent**, 4-year-old chestnut gelding, raced mile-and-three-eighths in 2:15.2/5 for new U.S. turf course standard in \$21,000 Dixie Handicap at Firdon, Md.

BASEBALL

Striking New York Yankees, with seven in a row, displaced Cleveland as American League leader. Yankee pitching remained shaky, but timely hitting brought two victories over third-place Chicago White Sox and four over hapless, cellar-dwelling Baltimore Orioles. Indians lost three games in week, but got strong shutout pitching from Rookie Herb Score for 19-0 win from Boston and workmanlike one-hitter from Veteran Early Wynn for 4-0 triumph over Detroit. Wynn walked four, gave five single to Fred Hatfield in fourth, then retired last 16 men in order.

National League pennant race took more definite form as New York Giants, with strong pitching overcoming lack of power hitting, ran up six straight wins. In every game, pitchers made narrow leads hold up as Giants swept into second place, 4 games behind Dodgers. Brooklyn faltered, lost three straight to Cardinals, Phillies, but came back with two weekend victories. Surprising Chicago Cubs won four straight, took firm grip on third place. Cub pitching remained unexpectedly brilliant. Stubby Righthander Hal Jeffcoat won two games in relief, saved a third. Veteran Warren Hacker pitched his final game, had one-hitter for 8 1/3 innings at Milwaukee until Pinch Hitter George Crowe homered. Hacker won, 2-1, gave one hit, one walk. Pittsburgh Pirates took on old, familiar look, extended losing streak to 11 straight, fell to virtual tie for last with fabled Phillies.

GOLF

U.S. amateurs swept 18 of 12 matches, overwhelmed Great Britain to capture Walker Cup for 14th time in 15 years at cold, damp St. Andrews, Scotland. Americans won all foursome matches on first day, followed with second-day single victories by Billy Joe Patton, Dick Voigt, Jim Jackson, Bruce Cook, Harvie Ward and Don Cherry. Only Brits to win: Scotland's David Blair and England's Ian Caldwell.

Jennie Valentine, sturdy 40-year-old Scottish matron who won her first British women's open amateur crown 18 years ago, whacked out 7 and 6 triumph over pert, long-hitting Barbara Remick, 22-year-old Sacramento, Calif. insurance worker, whose usual steady game was hampered by swollen ankle and high winds, won her second title at Portrush, Northern Ireland.

Dick Mayer, St. Petersburg, Fla., who had won only \$3,142.26 as tournament trail in

45 rounds, fired long tee shots, did not miss a green in five-under-par final round of 87, won \$4,000 first prize in Kansas City Open golf tournament with 72-hole score of 271, 17 under par. Mayer's victory margin: six strokes over Chandler Harper, Portsmouth, Va., and Billy Maxwell, Odessa, Texas.

TRACK AND FIELD

Ben Delaney, mammy-fostered Villanova freshman, finished second to Freshman's **Tom Courtney** in staling, star-studded half-mile, was placed first when officials disqualified Courtney for cutting off Pitt's heralded Arnie Sovell in Coliseum Relays at Los Angeles. Northwestern's **Jim Galsiday** won 100 in 0:06.5, after seven late starts eliminated Penn's Johnny Haines and New York's Andy Stasfield, who captured 220-yard low hurdles in 0:23.5. Among other winners: **Wes Santee** in 4:35.5 mile; Australia's Kevin Gasper, who spent Lou Jones and Jim Lee in 4:48.9 quarter-mile; Olympic Club's Cy Young, whose 257-foot leap took javelin; Houston, tops in 440-yard relay in 1:40.5 and 550-yard relay in 1:25. Oklahoma A&M, anchored by salt **J. W. Mackburn**, in mile relay in 3:10.9.

California Relays at Modesto was scene of three world record performances (by Santee, Held, Texas), four national junior college and freshman marks. **Danny Schweickert** of Fullerton J.C. ran mile in 4:12.5, two-mile in 9:08.7. **Art Pedersen** of Modesto J.C. scored 14 feet 4 inches in pole vault; **Chuck Kirby** of Mt. San Antonio scored half-mile in 1:02.4 for junior college record. Freshman standard was set by California's sprint relay team of **Monte Upshaw**, **John Merchant**, **Lesmon King** and **Don Bowden**, who were timed in 3:20.9.

Kansas scored in every event but one, rolled up amazing total of 133 points for new record, powered his way to Big Seven Conference title at Lawrence, Kan. **Jayhawk's** Allen Frazer scored double in mile (4:16.5) and two-mile (9:07.8), matched Sprinter Dick Blair's victories in 100 and 200. Auburn got 12 important points from Bill Tarborough, noted out favored Florida 49 to 47 for Southeastern Conference championship at Birmingham, Ala.

Nick Costin, Natick, Mass. schoolteacher who finished third in Boston Marathon, took over at halfway mark, breezed to easy victory in National AAU Marathon in Yonkers, N.Y. Costin finished 13 minutes, two miles ahead of nearest challenger, set

record 2:21:12.4 clocking for 26-mile, 385-yard race.

BOXING

Memo Diaz of Mexico City fared unpredictably. Keeney Teran of Los Angeles with short left hook in third round, watched rival take full count while in kneeling position, won North American flyweight championship by knockout at Hollywood, Calif. Teran, who once admitted he was a dope addict, lodged mild protest, later said he quit "because I didn't feel like fighting. It was my frame of mind." Next day, California Athletic Commission revealed Teran refused to submit to fluid test at weigh-in, suspended him indefinitely pending "thorough investigation of his physical condition."

Ralph Dupas, 19-year-old top-ranked lightweight contender, opened old cut over right eye of New York's Frankie Ryff in first round, slashed away at injury with tantalizing jab, won split decision to snap Ryff's unbeaten streak in bloody 10-rounder before 5,300 New Orleans fans who paid \$48,000, biggest local gate since John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett bout in 1882.

HORSE RACING

Hellscope, William Hell Jr.'s spirited but playful 4-year-old, moved into lead at start, held off Social Outcast in driving finish, scored out Alfred Gaynon Vanderbilt's chestnut gelding by scant half-length in mile mile-and-quarter \$54,000 Massachusetts Handicap in track record time of 2:40 at Suffolk Downs, East Boston.

Traffic Judge, second choice in \$38,000 Withers Mile, was brought to front in stretch by Eddie Alvarez, stayed there to outrun Nance's Lad by length-and-three-quarters at Belmont Park, N.Y., won \$21,430.

Mrs. Ogden Phipps' Neji, with Flot Schultze up, took advantage of reshaped to King Commander and favored Shipboard at best to last jump, went on to capture heralded \$21,800 International Steeplechase by 15 lengths at Belmont Park. Runners-up were Ancestor and Hyvaela, giving homes trained by George H. (Pete) Bestwick, one-time high-goal polo player and gentleman jockey, first three positions. European entries finished far behind leaders.

Johnny Adams, 40-year-old grandfather, booted home Hasty House's Mister Black by three-and-half lengths in \$25,000 Continental Turf Handicap at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill., became fourth U.S. jockey to win 1,000 winners.

AUTO RACING

Maurice Trintignant, busy French driver, maneuvered his Ferrari through Monaco's narrow streets and twisting seaside boulevards at average speed of 68.19 mph, completed difficult 194.5-mile course in 2:58.9.8 to win Grand Prix d'Europe. Italy's Eugenio Castellotti was second in Lancia but Alberto Ascari, runner-up at halfway mark, had worse luck, suffered bad nose out and broken when his Lancia shot over curve and into sea. England's Stirling Moss and Argentina's Juan Manuel Fangio, both in Mercedes Silver Bullets, had most of way, finally dropped out of race.

Starting line-up for 160-mile Memorial Day Classic at Indianapolis was completed with 25 more qualifying, including Jimmy Bryan, AAA big-car point champion in '54. Only two former winners qualified: Bill Vukovich ('53, '54) and Johnny Parsons ('54), who made it on final day. Week's fastest qualifying time: Cal Niday, Pacemaker, Calif., 146.502, in D-A Lubricants Special. Eight rookies qualified in 32-car field.

ROWING

Carroll's vanity row, loaded with six sportsmen who stroked to victory at Onondaga Lake last year, trailed Yale for part of way, forged ahead half-mile from finish, edged Yale in record-breaking 8:41.4 for mile-and-three-quarters, took third straight Carnegie Cup at Princeton, N.J. Wisconsin got the most out of low but powerful boat, outdistanced California by two lengths for fourth consecutive year at Oakland, Calif.

BOWLING

Buzz Fazio, veteran captain of Detroit's Blue team, came from behind to nose out young Joe Kirtzel of Chicago by two pins in final match, won ABC Masters tournament at Ft. Wayne, Ind.

HUNT RACING

Irish Double, 3-year-old brown gelding, outran Flax and Banner Warm, gave Owen Arthur E. Few Jr. of Bryn Mawr, Pa. permanent possession of Rose Tree Plaque at Media, Pa.

MILEPOSTS

HOTSPOTS—Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of Indianapolis "500," president of Indianapolis Motor Speedway, who died in plane crash last November; posthumously awarded Eldersburg Trophy as man who had done most for American auto racing in 1954.

DEED—Mansel Ayala, 33, colorful Burbank, Calif. auto racer, second-ranked in nation last year; of injuries suffered when his Kurtis-Kraft slammed into concrete retaining wall during qualifying trials for Memorial Day 500-mile race, at Indianapolis.

DEED—Harrison J. (Doc) Weaver, 69, long-time St. Louis Cardinals trainer (since 1927), former Ohio Wesleyan football star, regarded as expert ball player psychologist, famed as "whispering" specialist who could put quick fix on opposition; of heart attack, at St. Louis.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending May 22)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York
W-4, L-5
Sera.: 13-11
Pct.: .54

2. Cleveland
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 13-11
Pct.: .54

3. Chicago
W-2, L-4
Sera.: 10-13
Pct.: .43

4. Detroit
W-3, L-2
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

5. Washington
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

6. Boston
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

7. Kansas City
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

8. Baltimore
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

Baltimore
W-5, L-4
Sera.: 9-8
Pct.: .52

9. Boston
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

10. Kansas City
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

11. Cleveland
W-4, L-3
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

12. Boston
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

13. Washington
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

14. Chicago
W-2, L-4
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

15. Detroit
W-3, L-2
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. Brooklyn
W-5, L-3
Sera.: 23-8
Pct.: .74

2. New York
W-5, L-1
Sera.: 21-14
Pct.: .60

3. Chicago
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

4. Pittsburgh
W-2, L-4
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

5. St. Louis
W-4, L-3
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

6. Cincinnati
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

7. Philadelphia
W-2, L-2
Sera.: 11-11
Pct.: .50

8. Pittsburgh
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

9. St. Louis
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

10. Pittsburgh
W-2, L-4
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

11. Chicago
W-3, L-3
Sera.: 10-11
Pct.: .47

12. New York
W-5, L-1
Sera.: 21-14
Pct.: .60

13. Brooklyn
W-5, L-3
Sera.: 23-8
Pct.: .74

14. Cincinnati
W-1, L-1
Sera.: 10-10
Pct.: .50

15. Philadelphia
W-2, L-2
Sera.: 11-11
Pct.: .50

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Vic Power, Boston City, .399
Runs scored—Mickey Vernon, New York, 80
Home runs—Mickey Vernon, New York, 11
Pitching—Bob Feller, New York, 3-1

INDIVIDUAL LEADERS

Batting—Sam Mendenhall, New York, .399
Runs scored—Ray Campanella, Brooklyn, 99
Home runs—Ray Campanella, Brooklyn, and Ted Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 10
Pitching—Sam Mendenhall, Brooklyn, 8-0

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL

YALE over Harvard, 9-2. Eastern intercollegiate league title, Cambridge, Mass.
OHIO STATE over Michigan, 11-4 and 9-1, Big Ten title, Columbus, Ohio.

BOWLING

WILLIE PEP, 10-round decision over Ted Carter, Featherweights, Detroit.
DR. TRENDS, 10-round draw with RAMON FORTIN, welterweights, New York City.
ARMED & DANGEROUS, 10-round decision over Alde Wente, lightweight, Tampa, Fla.
GAL BOWEN, 10-round decision over Jack Kelly, flyweights, Georgetown, Wiscon.
FREDY BERNARD, 10-round split decision over Larry Smith, lightweight, New York City.

BOWLING

RAY SALA, wrestler, bet, Canadian Ice-Pin Championship, 5,000 pins.

CRICKET

CLINTON PARALLEL, Newark, N.J., national amateur championship, Little Hocking, N.Y.

DOG SHOWS

DR. HARBINGER'S HUSKY (Key by blue ribbon), best-in-show, Ogden Kennel Association, Garden City, N.Y.
DR. WILSON WHITE (Key by white), best-in-show, Long Island Kennel Club, Laurel Valley, L.I.

FROG JUMPING

TULLY HILL, 20th Annual Frog Jumping trials, 15 feet 3 inches in three leaps, Angelo Camp, Calif.

GOLF

JERRY FORD, Yale University golf captain, over Percy Curran, Southampton, 3 and 1, Eastern intercollegiate Golf Association Championship.

HANDBALL

OSCAR and BURROCK OREY over Ed Brown and Irving Kirsch, National All-Girls Handball Championship, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOKE RACING

EDWARD, 100-100 Grand National, 7th, 6th, by 7th lengths, in 1:41 2/5 for new track record, Garden State Park, N.J. Tony Galopins up.

LACROSSE

SHARLAN over Johns Hopkins, 11-1, for national college championship, College Park, Md.
HOTFISH over Rutgers, 11-4, tied with Rutgers for "League for Decision title, New Brunswick, N.J.

POWDER

PENNSYLVANIA by 1/4 lengths over Rutgers in 7:00, 1 1/16 miles, Philadelphia.
PRINCESTON 100 by six seconds over Harvard in 7:04.4, 1 1/16 miles, Gettysburg Cup, Gettysburg, Pa.
DR. JELLY'S PEP, Philadelphia, by 1/4 length over Washington-Lee in 5:04.5, 1 mile, Steubenville Cup, Steubenville, Pa.
JACK HILL, St. Philadelphia, by 1/4 lengths, corner split finish in 5:04, one mile, City of Boston Regatta, Boston, Mass.

TRAMP

BEVERLY BAKER FLOTT, Long Beach, Calif., over 1000 meters, England, 0:1 1/2, for women's title, Wembley International Tennis Championship, Wembley, Germany.
SCILLA PETERMAN, Italy, over 1000 meters, 0:1 1/2, 0:1 1/2, 0:1 1/2 for men's title.

TRAMP AND FISH

VICTORIA (Chase) COLLIER, 81 points, National Junior College Championship, Baltimore, Md.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY, 104 points, New England intercollegiate Regatta, Lewiston, Maine.

WRESTLING

GULLIVER WELLS, Buenos Aires, over a field of 10 in 3:05.15, National AAU 60 Kilometer Championship, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Questions

**What frightens you most?
(Asked of adventurers
and explorers)**

LEWELL THOMAS, Porting, N.Y.

Narrator and explorer



"Fright depends on thought. If you've no time to think you are not afraid. Danger is not a thing long drawn out. Two Frenchmen and I crashed in a small plane on our way to Africa. We had no time for anything but reflex action. Our lives saved, we stood there weak in the knees."

THEON WRIGHT, New York City

President, Adventurers' Club



"Two things petrify me. The first is a single engine plane that spitters in flight. The second is a crazy man. And I'm talking from actual experience. The crazy man was violent and unpredictable. I didn't know what he was going to do. He was more frightening than a violent wild."

RAYMOND C. SCHINDLER, Tarrytown, N.Y.
World famous detective



"A holdup. I was held up in Los Angeles. Up went my hands, my knees shook violently and I stammered 'Oh no.' With the gun in the hand of that degenerate-looking young jerk, nothing was worth more than my life. I did just what comes naturally, but believe me, I was plenty scared."

CONOR, EUGENE P. WILKINSON, USN

In command of atomic submarine "Nautilus"



"I grew up in Holyville, Calif., then a town of 1,500. New York bewilders me. The thing that frightens me most is driving a car in this dense traffic. It makes me yearn for the peace you find at sea. When the sun comes out of the break, it always reminds me of sunrise on the farm."

KATHRYN CRAVENS, New York City

Author, adventurer, foreign correspondent



"Is Buzell's 'Green Hell' savage/sent rare/poisoned arrows whining in my direction. During World War II I was escorted out of forbidding Russian territory with bayonets at my back. I've visited hyper colonies; been shot out of a cannon. What frightens me most? BOREDOM!"

SASHA SIEMEL, Green Lane, Pa.
Hunter



"My specialty is hunting jaguar with only a spear. That's dangerous enough, but what actually frightens me the most is the Pimaha. They're killers. I saw two men blunder into a school of these fish. They were reduced to skeletons in three minutes. I made the same blunder but got away in time."

RUSSELL AITKEN, New York City
Big game hunter



"Crazy Sunday drivers. Speeding in their souped-up cars, they are a greater danger than all the rhinos, lions and Cape buffalo I've encountered in four major safaris. A good rhinoceros can stop a charging tank with a leg shot, but there's no way to stop a maniac who jumps the white line."

PETER FREDCHEN, Copenhagen, Denmark
Arctic explorer



"They say that nothing frightens me, that I once saved off my frozen leg. That's not true. I only chopped off my toe with a chisel. The doctor saved the leg off. Ice cap crevasses frighten me most. You can fall 1,800 feet or more. I once fell and hung by my sled traces, swinging back and forth."

JACQUELINE GOSHRAN, India, Calif.

Pilot and adventurer



"Season. They petrify me. I was once night flying at 14,000 feet over a hilly country. The engine failed, but I was afraid to bail out

because I thought there were rattlesnakes on the ground. So I deliberately crashed and wrecked my plane at 4 a.m. Then I sat with the cockpit closed until daylight."

CLYDE BEATTY, Filmore, Calif.

World famous animal trainer



"Lions and tigers in the same act. They're natural enemies. But I don't dare show fright. Once, while working

32 lions and tigers in one ring, 25 got into the worst gang fight I ever saw. A tiger knocked me down and was clawing at my throat when a lion sprung on him, enabling me to escape."

LEWIS GELLLOW, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Big game photographer



"I've just come back from eight months in Africa. I have been chased by a 400-pound gorilla. A rhino overturned my jeep. A

rather elephant charged me. I lived where Masai men were killing white men. So what frightens me? Walking alone through New York's Central Park at night."

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION:

Is Babe Didrikson the greatest all-around athlete of all time?

Goes where you go...

Plays where you play...

the Vagabond

Personal Portable Radio
BY
STROMBERG-CARLSON

*Rick tone, powerful performance. Full AM range. special Civil Defense dial settings. Battery-saver switch... Sleek plastic cabinet, choice of six smart colors, with gold finish controls and foldaway carrying handle... \$29.95**

*The Minimal—3-Way Portable... \$39.95**

**Tax inclusive and carrying case. Slightly higher in South and West.*

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One of the great PORSCHE contributions to automotive design, torsion bar springing keeps wheels in 100% contact with the road, always, following the contour of every bump. You ride level; you corner flat; you enjoy easy fingertip control, race-tested safety and comfort, on any road, at any speed!



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PORSCHE



International Golf Championships

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY

for Individual low medal score — 72 holes

and

THE CANADA CUP

for two-man team play between countries of the free world

at the

Columbia Country Club (Chevy Chase)

Washington, D. C.

June 9-12, 1955

This third year of international competition will bring together stars from more than twenty-five countries, who will compete both as two-man teams and individually, for the magnificent trophies presented by John Jay Hopkins and the International Golf Association.

The greatest stars of the golf world will be in action during these thrill-packed days of "The International." Once again, "The International" promises to be the biggest sports event of the year, where the world's finest team and indi-

vidual golf will be played by your favorites in international championship competition for the Canada Cup and the new International Trophy.

The Canada Cup and International Golf Championship matches are sponsored to further the spirit of fine sportsmanship and to contribute towards a greater feeling of international good-will and understanding between the nations of the world.

PREVIOUS CANADA CUP WINNERS

1953

Won by Antonio Cardo and Roberto de Vicenzo of Argentina in a field of eight nations

1954

Won by Peter Thomson and Neil Hargre of Australia in a field of twenty-five nations



THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF ASSOCIATION, INC.

JOHN JAY HOPKINS, Chairman and Founder

445 Park Avenue, New York 22, New York

KNOX



Tobago

FIVE DOLLARS

Deep Jet-Grey is superbly right for the rich-textured head of this new Knox Sport Straw. With contrasting two-ply cord band it blends most effectively with the favored colors of Summer's leisure dress. Now being featured by the Knox Hatter in your own community, and by Knox the Hatter, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

RECENTLY SPORTS ILLUSTRATED received a request from the United States Information Agency in Washington, who wondered if our staff would prepare a display of photographic panels on the subject of sports in America for exhibit by the more than 160 U.S. information centers abroad.

The completed display, *Sports in the U.S.A.*, which has just been delivered to the Exhibits Branch of the USIA, consists of 99 photographs (mostly in color), arranged on 23 aluminum 30- by 40-inch panels with accompanying captions (which will be translated into the languages of the countries in which they appear). Sports features range from big league baseball to "the ol' swimmin' hole"; and the pictures, collected with the assistance of LIFE's Exhibition Department, represent the work not only of SI's own staff but of other photographers from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico.

A USIA representative, visiting our offices for one of several consultations, told me that 12 sets will tour the world and be shown on all five continents. In some cases the display will be under the direct sponsorship of the U.S. Information Service at the information centers which are the adjuncts of



LIFE EXHIBITS' JAMES HOGAN WITH SOME OF THE PRELIMINARY PANELS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED DISPLAY

our embassies, legations and missions. In others it is expected that national and local athletic associations and groups will share the sponsorship in museums, libraries and other suitable exhibition places.

In the original request for the display, the Chief of the Exhibits Branch wrote: "Since sports represent one of the best examples of our free way of life in action, we feel that they can play an important role in our program of trying to explain to other peoples just what kind of people we are, how we do things, and what we believe in."

And in the countries in which the exhibit appears, it will, I am sure, tell this story—in the international language which sports speak.

Harry Phillips

You can still buy magic!

You can't hardly get good spells or incantations no more . . . and even a sound, workable hex is hard to find. But there's one place where you can still buy magic, the seat of enchantment that barnishes even the grayest, dullest day with a sudden gleam of excitement and anticipation.

You'll begin to believe this the first time you settle yourself deep in the cockpit of a Corvette sports car, whether it is powered by the husky 155-h.p. "Blue Flame" 6 or the chain lightning of the new 195-h.p. V8. And you'll know it for sure before you have driven one block.

For a Corvette *feels*—and *moves*—like no car you have ever known. Slip into the swirl of traffic and an invisible cloak of security seems to fall about you—you could thread a needle with this precise 16-to-1 steering . . . the whiplash accel-

eration seizes you away from trouble as fast as your reflexes can say "Gee!" . . . massive brakes clamp down like a gigantic magnet.

But the real spell doesn't begin until you're arrowing down the open highway, slicing through the wickedest curves as though on invisible rails, exciting in the incredible roadability that seems to sink steel wheels into the pavement and cling, cling, cling!

Then, snug against the siren rush of wind over the arc of the windshield, braced and balanced in the Corvette's foam-padded bucket seat, you will find that enchantment still lives, that magic is on sale at your nearest Chevrolet showroom . . . and you can test this any day! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE





Stetson Black Cherry Miran, Ten Dollars

This Stetson straw comes in many new flavors

Chocolate, royal grape...or will you take vanilla? All of these wonderfully light Miran by Stetson are delightfully cool and refreshingly good-looking. If your taste runs to lime or banana, each and every one is as welcome

as chilled ice on a hot summer day. Even the brand-new bands have a pay-as-candy-cash look. Order your favorite flavor—only \$10. Father's Day Tip: A Stetson Straw Hat Gift Certificate—from \$5. Stetson is part of the man.

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

Heavyweight perspectives • Williams vs. Sneed

Leadfoot Trophy • Schweinberger's vaccination

Muskellunge psychology • Model basin at work

A BIT OF CHEEK

YES, ROCKY MARCIANO really did beat Don Cockell that recent evening in San Francisco (see page 42), but there was a time on the night of the fight and the day afterward when very little agreement could be found on what happened in that famously shrunken ring on the floor of Kears Stadium. In fact, it almost seemed as if four different fights were in progress.

For suspense nothing equaled the version served up on radio—a give-and-take affair with the issue always in doubt. The two fighters were pounding each other mercilessly as first one and then the other appeared on the verge of a knockout. On television the fight had a more ethereal quality. Between the intervals when static turned the theatre-screen into a French abstraction by Jacques Vilain the gladiation took place in a kind of half-world of misty gray—in which the blows seemed almost simulated.

The British and American newsmen sitting at ringside could agree on only one thing: they had watched a gory engagement. To an American the winning margin was Rocky's "monstrous strength and muscular violence." He was just too much a fighter for the challenger. But to an English writer, Rocky looked more like a rogue lion who had deserted the pride than a Marquess of Queensberry disciple. "It is as though he would tear the flesh from his opponent's body, crush and pulverize his very bones, split asunder his veins and tear out his very heart and liver."

A few days later, Cockell's trumphant manager, assuming the philosophic approach, tried to synthesize the Anglo-American conflict. "It's lyke this," he said. "When you 'ave a child, and you don't slap 'im, he'll be cheeky when he grows up. Ryte! Now your chaps are cheeky. They're cheeky fsters. Our boys aren't cheeky; they grow up disciplined by the rules."

FOUL JOKE

IT WAS INEVITABLE that now that Ted Williams has stepped up to the plate again, someone would recall to us an incident that occurred during the

off season when he was fishing with the great Sam Sneed, who prefers the same off-season sport for his relaxation. It seems they were discussing the relative merits of golf and baseball. After Williams had had his say, Sneed looked thoughtfully out across the water and said: "Yes, but in baseball you don't have to play your foul."

HANK BAUER, DANCER

HANK BAUER of the Yankees is one of the professional athletes signing testimonials now appearing in newspapers in behalf of Arthur Murray's *continued on next page*

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Big league baseball standings began to take on a more familiar look. The New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians commanded the American League, a game or so apart. The World Champion New York Giants climbed to second, in a good spot to haunt the Dodgers.

U.S. amateur golfers won the Walker Cup for the 14th time in 15 tries with an embarrassingly lapped 10-2 victory over the British at St. Andrews, Scotland.

Nashua was left almost unchallenged in this week's Preludes at Fiedro when both Sumner Tan and Dedoue, his most impressive Eastern rivals, were pulled out to rest for the Belmont Stakes on June 11.

Miller Was Santos started track late by entering the half mile at Modesto's California Relays—held only 24 hours after he had failed, with a 4:05.5 time, to better four minutes at the Caliform Relays in

Los Angeles. He ran the second fastest 880 in history, beat California's Lon Spurrier (whose 1:47.5, run three weeks ago, is the fastest) and broke Mal Whitfield's outmoded but still official world record of 1:48.4 by a tenth of a second.

Two other world records also fell at Modesto: Franklin (Bud) Hild of San Francisco's Olympic Club threw the javelin 268 feet 2½ inches, and the University of Texas 440-yard relay team ran their event in 40.3, cutting .3 off the University of Southern California's previous record.

Because Lizards of London is willing to bet against the luck and accuracy of Pacific Coast League hitters, a 3½-inch "knock-hole" has been bored in the left-center-field fence at Seattle Stadium, home of the Seattle Rainiers. Any batter who drives a baseball through the hole (11½ feet above ground and 389 feet from home plate) gets \$100,000.

continued from page 12

dancing lessons. "I used to 'take a walk' when others danced," Bauer's statement says, "but those days are gone forever. You see, I used to think learning to dance was 'sissy' stuff, but I don't any more. Lessons at Arthur Murray's proved to me that dancing is as much fun as any big league sport."

This is the same Hank Bauer who sent Nellie Fox, White Sox second baseman, sprawling the other day, thus breaking up a sure double play.



getting himself ruled out for interference and touching of what promises to be a Yankee-White Sox lead good for the rest of the season.

If the purpose of the Arthur Murray lessons is to make a guy light on his feet, maybe Arthur should call Hank back for a refresher course. Might even teach Hank a few new steps. And for what it is worth, let Arthur be advised that the next Bauer-Fox dinner around second base in Comiskey Park in Chicago isn't likely to be a wait.

FUN AND MR. FRICK

SOME OLD FASHIONED fun was injected into baseball the other day, and it was such a startling innovation that a cry of alarm went up and a neck went out at the office of Ford Frick, baseball's high commissioner.

It all started with a foot race before a game at Busch Stadium in St. Louis between the Cards and Dodgers. The race, a 50-yard dash for "The Lead-Foot Trophy," was between the rival cutthroats, Del Rice of the Cardinals and Rube Walker of the Dodgers, who enjoy a joint reputation as the slowest men in the National League. Rice overcame Walker's early lead to win by several feet and a hilarious time was had by all. Unfortunately some sportswriters reported that Eddie Stanky, the St. Louis manager, had "picked up a load of side bets" and that "the Dodger lads went for a bundle." Commissioner Frick, reading these reports, shot off a wire to Managers Stanky and Walt Alton "ordering" them to supply all details forthwith. The details turned out to be that no "bundles" had been wagered, so

"load of side bets" picked up by Eddie Stanky. There were a few small bets, but they added up to no more than \$40. In New York, Commissioner Frick thereupon withdrew his neck and closed the case.

The incident caused Sports Editor Dan Parker to suggest in the New York Mirror that "baseball has lost as its sense of humor and its identity as a sport," Baseball, said Parker, is neither a religion nor a way of life, although, in the Parker view, most of the fan has gone out of it on the playing field. No Casey Stengel lets a sparrow out of his cap, so Al Schacht goes through pitching motions in top hat and tails.

All is serious, most of the time, and it's no wonder a little fun, plus some extravagant reporting, frightened Mr. Frick.

CHURCH AND BASEBALL

ALTHOUGH, as Dan Parker says, baseball is not a religion, a group of ministers in Huntington, W.Va., believe the game can help bring people to church. The Huntington Ministerial Association has begun a 20-week radio sponsorship of the "Game of the Day" and will broadcast such between-dinner messages as: "Go to church Sunday" and "You need the church and the church needs you." The ministers have agreed not to sponsor the "Game of the Day" when Cincinnati home games are being broadcast under a brewery's auspices. On those days, Huntington fans will hear the familiar message: "Step right up and say Burger Beer."



UNTRUTH

Good getting felt
Make everyone's big;
After every strike
Come another lie.

—Irvin I. Stein

EBERTS FIELD in Brooklyn was opened on a recent evening not by Brooklyn Dodgers but by some of the best soccer players in the world. They were members of two crack teams from Nuremberg, Germany, and Sunderland, England, and they had come to Brooklyn to play a game climaxing a U.S. tour that included other exhibitions in Kenner, N.J., New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. As it turned out, the Brooklyn game was the tour's most exciting demonstration of the arts and sciences that make soccer the No. 1 game elsewhere in the world.

The game (it ended in a 1-1 tie) also proved that Grade A soccer played against the comfortable accommodations of a major league ball park will draw a good crowd even in the U.S. This one numbered 15,456, small potatoes as compared to the crowds of 100,000 overseas, but considerably above the Dodger average for the early baseball season. It was a knowing soccer crowd, too, sophisticated enough to cheer and boo in just the right places and address such international stars as Len Shackleton of Sunderland and Max Mueller of Nuremberg by their first names.

Together, the two teams gave the Eberts Field patrons an educational evening. Nuremberg played the short-passing, brilliantly deceptive game for which it is celebrated; Sunderland emphasized the long-passing attack that is typical of the modern English game.

Later one of the German players, Center Half Guenther Baumann, a tall, spare man of 34 with high cheekbones and high forehead, called upon his English learned as a prisoner of war and spoke of various soccer techniques.

"In Germany," he said, "soccer is played more for the eye, more letting the ball do the work. In England, it is more the long-passing game, less for the eye, more for the scoring chance at all times. Here in the United States . . ."

Here Baumann spread his hands and smiled apologetically.

"Here in this country," he went on, "it is more the individual, less the team, more kick and rush, more that everybody tries to play first fiddle."

Sunderland was undefeated on its U.S. tour, but Nuremberg, astonishingly, was beaten, 3 to 2, by the Katis team of St. Louis. Katis, unlike many eastern U.S. teams, is strictly a native product. How was the Katis victory to be explained?

"We were simply enthralled," said Nuremberg's famous coach, Franz (Bimbo) Binder, Austria's greatest player for 15 years. This drew a quick dissent from one of the younger Nuremberg players, 24-year-old Guenther Glomb. "We were playing against 14 men!" he cried. "Eleven players, two line-men and a referee. Every decision went against us. Besides we had only three hours sleep the night before!" He kicked at a bench. "Also," he said, "what a soccer field—full of lumps!"

Between exhibitions, both English and German players had a wonderful time. The British went to the top of the Empire State Building, saw the Yan-



kows play ball, sampled all the brands of ale available in Times Square. The Germans gorged on sauerbraten and rumpsteaks in Yorkville, New York's German section, and inspected a total of seven breweries between New York and St. Louis.

Only one player, Walter Schweinberger, a young Nuremberg reserve, had one really bad time. En route to a game in Kearny, N.J., he was riding in a car with Max Morlock. As the car neared the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson, Morlock suddenly asked:

"Schweinberger, you got your vaccination papers?"

Schweinberger paled at the mention of papers.

"No, Max," he said, "I got no papers at all. Why would I have papers?"

Morlock shook his head sadly.

"Schweinberger," he said, "don't you know we are crossing into New Jersey? The border police will want to see vaccination papers."

This made sense to a young man raised in a country divided into east and west zones. So, at Morlock's suggestion, the car was stopped briefly and then went on again through the tunnel into New Jersey—with Schweinberger hidden in the luggage compartment, safe from the prying eyes of the border police.

THE MUSKIE IS A PIXIE

FISHING for muskellunge is a sport that tests lines, hooks, lures, leaders, baits and the tender, undulating minds of muskie fishermen, who live in a half-world of hope and despair, knowing well that nothing they can do will move the muskie to strike until he is damn good and ready to

strike. A muskie is a fish which gets its fun out of following lures and baits, looking at them, sneering at them but wistfully ever striking at them. He is caught usually when he opens his mouth to yawn at the boredom of it all and a gang hook happens to fall in.

Two continuing studies, at least, are about to be resumed in an effort to discover the thought processes of muskies and muskie fishermen. So far, neither has had much success. There may, in fact, be nothing there to discover.

One study, undertaken by Doug Bourneque of Milwaukee, examined the whims of members of the Muskie Club of Wisconsin, where the season of legalized futility opens May 21. Began two years ago, the study discloses that the club members average 14 days a year fishing for muskies; half like artificial lures, half live bait; the artificials faithful prober bucktails, piky minnows and Sulek baits in that order; most prefer a cloudy day; most prefer 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; most think September 15 to October 15 is the best season; none will tell where he fishes.

Club President Bourneque, having learned mostly that his organization is a house divided against itself on the issue of artificials vs. baits, will lead his 282 members to Lac du Petit Saut (in central Wisconsin) in June for some amateur research into what kills muskies.

But this has been attempted over the past four years at Syd Doolittle's resort near Boulder Junction. In that time 165 muskies have been brought in there. The Doolittle record shows they hit 153 bucktails, 71 jointed plugs, 33 feathered spoons, 11 surface plugs, 26 miscellaneous lures, and that 173 were taken on live bait.

Put such information into an IBM machine and you get a biased IBM machine and the conclusion that other muskies prefer artificial lures to live bait or that muskie fishermen prefer artificial lures to live bait.

IT "IS" NICE TO KNOW

THE Stevens Institute of Technology, a collection of brick and stone buildings sprinkled along the waterfront in Hoboken, N.J., is willing to test practically anything that gets wet. The Navy brings scale drawings (from which models are made) of submarines, airplanes, and PT boats. The Army brings landing craft. Yacht designers bring yachts. Oilmen bring pumping stations for offshore oil. The Moran Towing and Transportation Company brought in a garbage barge.

Once, in a fit of naturalistic enthusiasm, Stevens even did some calculating on porpoises. Figuring skin friction, eddy resistance and wave resistance—the three basic deterrents to anything that wants to move forward in water—Stevens announced brightly that if a

continued on next page



"I wonder what she saw in poor old Harvinton?"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

porpoise wanted to follow an ocean liner at 25 mph for 10 hours, it would have to eat two to three times its own weight during the 10 hours. This, apparently, made certain fish experts very happy, because they had wanted to know if that porpoise that follows ocean liners is always the same porpoise or whether there are several substitute porpoises who run in whenever anyone gets tired.

The other day the problem at Stevens' Number One testing tank was a bit more prosaic. Briefly, the question was: If Philip L. Rhodes builds a 77-foot, all-steel luxury yacht for Hough-



ton P. Metcalf of Middleburg, Va., what kind of engines will Mr. Metcalf have to buy to push the boat at 12 knots through a cruising radius of 1,000 miles?

Mr. Philip Rhodes, a naval architect for 36 years, had already figured it out, even though the boat so far was nothing more than a set of drawings and a three-foot model fixed to a towing carriage in Stevens' 106-foot-by-8-foot testing tank.

"Two 275-hp diesels," he said. Rhodes knows things like that.

"However," he conceded, "it's nice to have that verified when you're spending somebody else's jack."

Besides the size of the diesels, there was the matter of verifying the hull design—how the boat would ride in the water, how she would behave at various speeds, what sort of wake she would throw. And since Mr. Metcalf was planning to pay \$150,000 for the finished boat, everyone was willing to indulge in what Rhodes described as "reassurance of the client."

That was fine with Mr. Metcalf, who had come all the way from Middleburg, Va. to be reassured; and now, flanked by Designer Rhodes and Master Draftsman Joe Reinhardt, he moved close to the tank for the tests. For the Institute men, the Metcalf hull was pretty tame stuff. Allan Murray, assistant director of Stevens' testing tanks, had been doing this sort of thing since the days when Harold S. Vanderbilt brought in early models of the Cup Defender *Ranger*, whose scaled-down hull still hangs above the Number One tank. The other two—Randolph Ash-

ton and Clayton Odenbreit—spend most of their days on ocean liners and commercial cargo vessels. But these men are scientists, and one hydrodynamic curve is pretty much like another to them.

Odenbreit pushed a button, and Metcalf's model started off down the tank, bobbing a little at first, then settling into a gentle, dignified run. Mr. Ashton walked along beside the moving model, chanting a strange litany of numbers and fractions: "This is 14.65-14.7. Make it .09 behind that zero point. . . ."

Mr. Murray reached into the tank and pulled out a thermometer. He was asked the temperature.

"Seventy," he said.

Was that the average temperature of all the waters of the world?

"No, they're 59."

Why wasn't the tank 59?

"We'd freeze to death in here."

In the meantime the model glided back and forth up and down the tank while Mr. Ashton and Mr. Odenbreit wrote down numbers; and Mr. Rhodes, chin resting on the steel rim of the tank, murmured approvingly of his design: "Steen's free . . . clean bow wave . . . bit of seaworthiness in her . . . looks dry to me."

"That's what I was thinking," said Mr. Metcalf.

In an hour the tests were substan-

tially over; and, sealing the results from model size to boat size, allowing 28% power loss for propeller inefficiency, 20% more for drag from things like rudders and rough paint and 2% more to make up for the slight downward slant of the propeller shaft, everyone agreed that Mr. Metcalf would indeed have to buy two diesels of 275 hp if he wanted to cruise at 12 knots.

"That's pretty close to what we figured," said Mr. Rhodes, head of the firm.

"That's exactly what we figured," said Mr. Reinhardt, the draftsman.

"I wonder if we could use smaller engines?" said Mr. Metcalf, back-watering slightly.

Mr. Rhodes said that was possible. The test graphs showed the boat could drop 140 hp with the loss of only one knot. But Rhodes managed, nonetheless, to convey the impression that the boat should be launched as originally planned.

Mr. Metcalf nodded and wrote something on a piece of yellow paper. Mr. Murray pulled the model, dripping, from the tank and held it at arm's length overhead. Designers and owner moved in some ceremonial stooping, peering, and tracing of hull lines with feelers. Then, having been assured by the Stevens Institute of the perspicacity of the Rhodes firm, the party shuffled out.

SPECTACLE

DUEL AT 880 YARDS

Pitt's deceptive Arnie Sowell floats from obscurity to track fame in one uncanny moment of acceleration

Few runners in recent years have burst so dramatically into the track limelight as Pitt's all-but-incredible half-miler, Arnie Sowell. Hardly anyone outside Pittsburgh—and actually not so many there—had even heard his name when the field was sent away in the Intercollegiate 880-yard run at Randall's Island, N.Y. last June. Fordham's heralded strong boy, Tom Courtney, was the overwhelming favorite. But it was Sowell who led the field off the last turn. Courtney rushed him in the stretch (opposite page), came to his shoulder with every muscle straining, and gathered desperately for one last charge to the tape. But Sowell (following pages) simply floated away to win with effortless ease. Sowell has been floating to victories ever since and has become a key U.S. asset for the Olympics. For more about Arnie, including a race with Courtney which ended in an unscheduled jostle last week, see page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RY PERKIN









ARNIE SOWELL 'RUNS SO SOFT'

And the young half-miler has such a big kick that his rival, Norwegian Audun Boysen, says: 'Take care of him—he is your next Olympic champion'

Events seem to come in surging waves—each of which lifts a Charlie Paddock, a Sabin Carr, a Paavo Nurmi or a Roger Barnister to enduring fame and then washes away leaving those who break and rebreak their records in relative obscurity. Such a wave has mounted this spring, with half-milers, for the first time in decades, dominating U.S. cinder paths. Week by week it has lifted a slim and quiet Negro youth—the University of Pittsburgh's Arnold Milton Sowell—higher into the wild blue yonder of recognition and acclaim. Many a U.S. coach now believes that Pitt's new star, who is only 20 years old, is on the point of becoming one of the greatest runners who ever lived.

Half-Miler Arnie Sowell, who is the son of a Pittsburgh city-county building maintenance man and is a college junior, has not yet run 880 yards as fast as Olympic Champion Mal Whitfield (who holds the world record of 1:48.6). California's Lon Spurrier (who exceeded the record with a 1:47.5 race this spring) or Miles Wes Santee (who turned the trick at last week's Modesto Relays with 1:48.5). But Sowell's deft, graceful running defeated both Spurrier and Whitfield in the Pan-American Games, just as it has beaten all the rest of 1955's fine 880 men whom he has met in actual races. Sowell, who stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs only 130 pounds, consistently demonstrates that rarest of athletic gifts—the ability to run just a little faster than anyone else when pressed.

He has astounding virtuosity. He has run a quarter-mile relay lap (with a flying start) in 45.4—six-tenths of a second under the world record. He can hurdle. He can match many a sprinter in sheer speed of foot and he can run five miles in less than 25 minutes. His coach, Carl Olson, firmly believes that he will break four minutes in the mile if he ever seriously sets out to do so. Sowell is a modest fellow who seems almost oblivious of the headlines he has produced this spring. But he runs with awesome confidence and can remain unruffled under duress—as was dramatically demonstrated no later than last weekend at the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles.

The Coliseum half mile was a race which Sowell badly wanted to win, for if he had done so he would have solidly proved himself against one of the greatest fields of 880-yard runners ever assembled anywhere. He was pitted against Whitfield, against Spurrier (whose record-breaking race



NOBODY WOULD HAVE BEEN SURPRISED if the Coliseum half mile had ended with Arnie Sowell, Mal Whitfield and Lon Spurrier in the one-two-three order shown here at the end of the race. Instead the race was spoiled by a crasher such as has not been seen on a U.S. track since Wm. Santee and Fred Dwyer collided in New York's Millrose Games. Sowell was jostled out of all contention. Courtney was disqualified for bumping him. But they run again this week in the IC4A meet in New York.

was run after Sowell beat him in Mexico City), against Fordham's Tom Courtney (his first great rival and his paramount challenger in the East) and against highly rated Ron Delaney of Ireland and Villanova University. Sowell took the lead in the first 100 yards. He was still leading as the field fled into the last turn. Then, as 56,000 people roared and rumbled up in the vast stadium, the race became a lamentable free-for-all.

Fordham's Tom Courtney charged into the lead, cut sharply, collided with Sowell and knocked him off the track into the infield. Sowell scrambled back, trapped in fourth, only to become the victim of more jostling. This time both he and Whitfield were bumped off the track. Courtney went on to win in 1:50.3. Sowell finished seventh in a field of eight. For a half hour afterward officials, coaches and competitors milled about in bitter argument which ended with Courtney being disqualified. Delaney was named the winner with Spurrier second and the Armed Forces' Lang Stanley third.

This set off more acrimony. Courtney cried: "A terrible robbery!" Sowell and Whitfield, he charged, had influenced the officials. "Just because they're Pan-American heroes they won't count." Whitfield, too, was tense and angry. "Where do these guys think they are," he asked. "In the Garden? This is too big a track and too big a meet for elbowing, cutting in and throwing spikes. This is no crackerbox, but a track with plenty of running room for all. What's going on?" But Sowell listened almost placidly—as though he were already thinking of races to come. He was content to "chalk it up to experience." Watching, it was hard not to remember what Europe's best half-miler, Audun Boysen of Norway, said last winter after Sowell conquered him at 1,080 yards: "He runs so soft and he has such a big kick. Take care of him. He is your next Olympic champion." (S.M.)

THE THREE GOVERNORS AND



NEW YORK'S Averell Harriman appointed Helland, ordered house cleaning.



CALIFORNIA'S Goodwin J. Knight suspected dirt, ordered early investigation.



PENNSYLVANIA'S George M. Leader was aroused, suspended boxing for 90 days.

by **MARTIN KANE**

Boxing news moved off the sports pages and on to the front pages in the nation's three biggest states last week—all because three governors had decided to do something to clean up boxing's dirty business.

IN NEW YORK, the story began with *The Case of the Grounded Welterweight*.

In Pennsylvania it began with *The Case of the Poisoned Orange*.

In California, it was *The Case of the Suspicious Governor*.

New York's Julius Helland, a racket-busting prosecutor appointed chairman of the state boxing commission by Governor Averell Harriman, mined and slugged his way through an inquiry into "alleged irregularities in the conduct of boxing." Those centered around the enforced idleness of a clean-cut fighter named Vince Martinez, third-ranking welterweight, who has not been able to get a fight since December. Vince's idleness stemmed from a quarrel with his own manager, William " Honest Bill" Daly, treasurer and

dominant figure in the powerful International Boxing Guild, a kind of managers' cartel. First result: Helland suspended the license of Daly and his pugnarious associate, Murray (Tex) Felix, "for acts detrimental to boxing." Both refused to appear for testimony.

The New York inquiry began with a look at the Martinez situation but in time was examining the sly friendship between Frankie Carbo, once a leading gunslinger for Murder Inc., and fight managers and promoters, including James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club, who is boxing's top dog. Men like Norris who have known Carbo for 26 years or more—during which Carbo drew four homicide raps—looked blank like movie mobsters and pleaded ignorance when asked how Carbo made his living (gambling and fixing fights), where he lived (in New York and Miami), how he could be reached (by leaving a note with the headwaiter in a leading Broadway restaurant). Under oath these boxing leaders testified that when they met Carbo for a casual cup of coffee they never

discussed boxing with him. Thus, Jim Norris:

Q. (by Helland) Do you know Frankie Carbo?

A. Jay Norris: Yes.

Q. How long do you know him?

A. Twenty years.

Q. Have you ever discussed the promotion of any fights with Mr. Carbo?

A. No, I haven't.

Q. What is Mr. Carbo's business, to your knowledge?

A. I couldn't answer that.

Q. You don't know?

A. No.

Q. In 20 years you haven't been able to find out what his business is?

A. I am not a social friend of Mr. Carbo's, Mr. Chairman. I know Mr. Carbo. I talk to him. I have a cup of coffee with him occasionally. . . .

Q. Where do you see him around?

A. You might see him any place.

Q. Where is any place? Where do you usually run into him when you do see him? At a fight?

A. No, I haven't seen Frankie at a fight in many years. I can't really say

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

James D. Norris, president of IBC, holder of exclusive contracts with most world champions, multibillionaire pal of hoodlums and mobsters.

Vince Martinez, third-ranking welterweight who might well be champion soon if only he could get a fight. Won eight fights in 1954, four of them by knockouts.

Frankie Carbo, killer so terrifying to the

fight mob that some dare not say his name, preferring the descriptive, "the gray-haired guy." Norris named one of his new homes "Mr. Gray," an alias Carbo sometimes uses now. He seldom goes to fights.

William "Honest Bill" Daly, former manager of Martinez, whose troubles with the Martinez family began with a demand that he accept for \$5,000 in expense money. He never quite did.

Harold "The Mink" Wollman, a barber who manages fights too.

Harold Johnson, a light heavyweight who ate a bitter orange and lost a fight.

Louis Saccareno, a former dope pedler who hangs around fight camps.

The governors of three states—one short.

BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS

that I ever saw him at a fight.

Q. Did you see him at the Saxon-Garcia fight in Philadelphia?

A. He was down there.

Q. You saw him there?

A. Yes, sir.

So far as Norris' testimony went, Carbo, whom he could affectionately call "Frankie," was a friendly figure who turned up "occasionally at the race track, at a ball game, possibly at a restaurant around town, something like that." Norris had "read" for many years, he said, that Carbo had a financial interest in fights—but never had heard it "in the trade," where it is Topic A.

Q. Have you ever discussed with Mr. Carbo fights or fighters?

A. No.

So Jim Norris joined Hymie The Mink, Walman and Willie The Undertaker Ketchum, fight managers,

in sworn testimony that, while they had known Carbo for many a long year and all were in the boxing business, the subject just never came up when they met for a quiet chat over coffee. (Carbo, who goes on periodic drunks, mostly drinks coffee in between times.) Walman, a coarse-voiced, swarthy man with a Captain Queeg trick of fingering a tiny pair of golden boxing gloves during moments of tension, had, in fact, known Carbo as far back as the '20s, when Frank was a rising young mobster called Jimmy the Wop.

Walman had invited the hoodlum to the weddings of his three daughters but, somehow, met Carbo only when he "bunked" into him. ("Bunk" is a New Yorkese word for "bump.") He wouldn't know how to get in touch with Carbo, he said, but every time one of Hymie's daughters was to

get married Hymie just happened to "bunk" into the fellow. Naturally, he invited Carbo to the weddings. To strengthen his contention that this was a man of mystery, not given to revealing his home address or telephone number even to friends of 30 years, Hymie summed up his impression of Carbo:

"He wouldn't let his right ear know what his left ear was hearin'."

Ketchum, a mild, bulbous-nosed man with a strawberry nose, is licensed as manager of Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter but reputedly only a front for the real manager, Carbo. Willie had difficulty remembering the name of his bank, in which he keeps a modest checking account and a safe deposit box. He reflected his share of purses in cash, he said, because he distracted promoters, but he had no

(Continued on p. 31)

JAMES B. MORRIS, IBC PRESIDENT (LEFT), TESTIFIED AT N.Y. BOXING COMMISSION HEARING BROOKED BY CHAIRMAN JULIUS ROEPKE (CENTER)



THE THREE GOVERNORS

continued from page 32

ready explanation for the fact that the cash never was deposited in the checking account. Nor could Ketchum remember what he reported as his income for 1954. The presumption was that Helfand here was drilling into reports that Ketchum's share of Carter's purse is a pittance, the lion's share going to the lion, Carbo.

Another witness with a poor memory, until jogged by Helfand's surprise production of grand jury minutes, was Angel Lopez, restaurateur and former manager of Kid Gavilan. The night after Gavilan lost his welterweight title to Johnny Saxton in a highly suspicious Philadelphia fight (SI, Nov. 1), Lopez and Gavilan went to a party at New York's Hotel St. Moritz. Carbo was there, Lopez suddenly remembered, and Gavilan was told by Carbo: "Don't worry about a return bout. You'll get it and you'll knock him out." He never did get it, however, even though Frank (Blinky) Palermo, Saxton's manager, had told Gavilan, "I'll do whatever Frankie says."

Thus, Lopez was the only witness who ever had heard of Frankie Carbo talking about boxing.

Norris proved to be singularly uninformed. In a sleek-fitting, striped gray suit, he arrived with Truman Gibson Jr., IBC secretary, who served as his counsel and coached his answers to the corporate structure of the IBC and even the names of its officers.



VINCE MARTINEZ, GROUNDED WELTERWEIGHT

There was a gasp in the hearing room when Norris testified that he had never heard rumors that Martinez would be unable to get a fight so long as he was on the outs with Daly. Sports pages printed the reports at the time. Next steps by the New York commission, Helfand announced, will await his return from Paris, where he will attend a meeting of the World Committee for Professional Boxing, June 3-5.

Meantime, if Vince Martinez, the Grounded Welterweight, still has no fight, his former manager, Honest Bill Daly, is grounded too. And New York's Commissioner Helfand has shown himself a persistent promoter, with a job still just begun.

wright who was a 4-1 favorite over Julio Mederos in their Philadelphia bout, had been drugged in his dressing room before the fight. Presumably the drug had been administered in an orange which Johnson sucked shortly before stumbling through two dashed rounds. When Johnson was unable to come out for the third round, Mederos was given a TKO victory.

The commission charged Johnson's manager of record, Tommy Loughrey, his handlers and matchmaker Pete Moran with prior knowledge that Johnson was not in condition to enter the ring and with participating in a "sham, fake or collusive boxing match." In addition Moran, matchmaker for Herman (Mugsy) Taylor of the Philadelphia Arena, was charged with being Johnson's undercover manager. Taylor promoted the fight in collaboration with the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) and it was shown on television.

The doping might have gone undiscovered had not a Philadelphia newspaperman, John Webster of the *Examiner*, noticed Johnson's slowed reactions when the drug was just beginning to take full effect. Webster turned to John A. Saunders, boxing commission secretary, and asked: "What's wrong with Johnson? He doesn't look right." Saunders passed the word along to Dr. Alfred S. Ayella Jr., ring physician, who was able to make but a cursory, 20-second examination between rounds and found nothing "grossly wrong" at that point. Johnson said he felt "all right" and wanted to continue. The second round began.

"Johnson shook his head," Ayella testified, "and a few seconds later landed four to six punches. Then the boys were in a clinch. They were parried by the referee. Johnson's head went forward without being hit and he fell to the floor. I felt that the bout should be stopped. The bell ended the round and I signaled the referee that the fight was over. . . .

"Johnson by then was entirely different. He was disoriented, confused, irrational. He got up and fell to his knees twice. He was in no condition to leave the ring under his own power and I ordered a stretcher."

Dr. Wilbur H. Strickland, another ring physician, also examined the fighter briefly and then Johnson was taken to Hahnemann Hospital. Urinalysis showed that he had been fed a dose of a barbiturate.

Johnson had weighed in at the commission offices the afternoon of the fight, left the building and was accosted

CASE OF THE POISONED ORANGE



NEWLY APPOINTED PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION HEARS TESTIMONY ROSES WAS DRUG

THE NEW Pennsylvania boxing commission—in office only since February when Governor George M. Leader ordered a cleanup—had an even more dramatic case. Its chairman, James H. Crowley, once of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, and members,

Alfred M. Klein, former investigator for the Kefauver Crime Committee, and Paul G. Sullivan, Pittsburgh sports-writer and lawyer, were concerned about a poisoned orange.

Two ring physicians testified that Harold Johnson, a leading light heavy-

by a stranger standing at the door.

"I don't think I knew the man," Johnson testified, "but he seemed like a nice feller and told me that he had seen most of my fights and even his kids were interested in me."

They chatted for some 20 minutes, with Johnson trying to break away because "he smelled from garlic" but each time the stranger detained him.

"He had an orange in his hand," Johnson related, "and was holding a paper bag. He took an orange out of the bag and said, 'Have an orange, Harold.' I refused, but he persuaded me to take it and I put it in the pocket of my sport jacket and finally went home."

Johnson, in fact, is very fond of oranges and sometimes eats six a day. He ate the stranger's orange that evening in his dressing room. First he rolled it in his hands to soften it.

"I noticed juice coming out of the top of the orange (perhaps where a drug had been injected by hypodermic needle), so I sucked it and then bit into it. It tasted bitter and I said to Skinny (Davidson, his plump handler), 'This orange tastes bitter . . . Skinny, this orange tastes just like you—bitter.'"

Actually, parts of the orange were sweet, part bitter. Johnson ate only some of it, then flushed the rest down a toilet. About 15 minutes later he was nauseated, dizzy and suffering from a headache. He told his trainer and manager about the headache.

Toward the end of his testimony Johnson dropped a small bomb. He was asked to look at some pictures and from them identify those who were in his dressing room before the fight. (That dressing room was large enough so that Mederos used one end of it.) He identified Jimmy White, Mederos' manager of record, Baron Cohen and Larry Kent, Mederos' seconds, and then threw the room into confusion when he picked out a photograph of Louis Sarcaroma.

Sarcaroma is an ex-convict. He has been convicted on narcotics charges and served three years and nine months of a 10-year sentence. Alias Lou Black and Louis Roman, Sarcaroma has been arrested in various cities and, according to Philadelphia detectives, is Mederos' co-manager, along with Jake LaMotta. Philadelphia police believe both men are associated with Frankie Carbo in Mederos' management.

Johnson testified he also had seen Sarcaroma around training camps in Florida. Sarcaroma denied he had been in Philadelphia for the fight.

In trying to determine whether Loughrey is Johnson's true manager or just a front for Matchmaker Moran,

the commission touched on financial arrangements. Johnson expressed confidence in Loughrey's honesty but added that they had argued about payments made to sportswriters.

"Some of them," Johnson testified, "got \$50 or \$100 and I didn't think the fight was big enough for such big payments." The point was not pressed.

Skinny Davidson, however, indicated that Moran might have at least some financial interest in the fight, though matchmakers are forbidden to use their own boxes on their own cards. Skinny said he complained to Loughrey that he always got his 10% off the top of the purse when he trained other fighters

but with Johnson his 10% was arrived at after all expenses were paid.

"That's the same as I get—10%," Loughrey told him, though as manager his share was one third. When asked if Moran got anything, Skinny replied: "I don't think the man would advise Tom (Loughrey) without compensation."

The commission indicated that The Case of the Poisoned Orange was only part of a continuing investigation of all phases of boxing, with emphasis on Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Gloves. Meanwhile, by Governor Leader's order (S. 1, May 28), boxing is under a 90-day ban in Pennsylvania.

CASE OF THE SUSPICIOUS GOVERNOR



SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE PUT BOXING ON FRONT PAGE WITH STORY BY CAPITAL REPORTER

THE SUSPICIONS of Governor Goodwin J. Knight of California centered not only on boxing but on professional wrestling as well, leading the San Francisco Chronicle to observe with tongue-in-cheek disagreement that "professional wrestling matches are no more fixed than the outcome of gunplay between Dick Tracy and the gangsters."

The governor, who had named two new members to the state athletic commission, charged the new men to report to him on his suspicions.

That Eastern mobsters have muscled into boxing and wrestling.

That fights are fixed and wrestling is fixed.

That the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) is director of fight policy in California.

That officials at fights are incompetent and assigned through favoritism.

That the California commission itself is hampered by disunion within its own ranks.

Dr. Dan O. Kilroy, one of the new commissioners, said he will investigate

concealed ownership of fighters and violations of the commission rule that "no promoter or club shall own in any manner an interest in any fighter." This was like bringing a rifle sight to bear on the operations of Sid Flaherty, manager of Bobo Olson, world middleweight champion. The recent Willie Pep-Gil Cadillac fight in California was announced to television fans as "a Sid Flaherty boxing enterprise and International Boxing Club promotion." Flaherty is Cadillac's manager.

The Chronicle, which harried the governor's decision on its front page, also commented editorially:

"Governor Knight has called for an investigation of this alleged link-up [between boxing and gangsters], and we support him in his announced desire to get the facts. If boxing has been penetrated by hoodlums and fight 'fixes,' the large boxing public should be told about it and efforts made to put California's house in order."

Like Governors Harriman and Leader, Governor Knight had started something.

(END)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE SPIRIT AND MUSCLES OF AMATEURS



Among many followers of sport the word "amateur" implies a halfhearted performance—the greatest homage to be paid to an athlete is, "He plays like an old pro." Upholding the high standards of amateurs here are undergraduates at the University of Indiana who staged "The Little 600" bicycle race (won by South Cottage Grove team) for the benefit of the scholarship fund and 71 volleyball teams which traveled to Norman, Okla. to settle the national championships (Stockton, Calif. won the men's title, Santa Monica the women's). Simple trophies were the only rewards but no pro ever played harder or received more rabid support.

EXCITED INDIANA COED SHOWS ENTHUSIASM
OF COLLEGE CROWD AT BLOOMINGTON BIKE RACE





PAT BEARD OF CHAMPION SANTA MONICA MARINERS RETURNS BALL



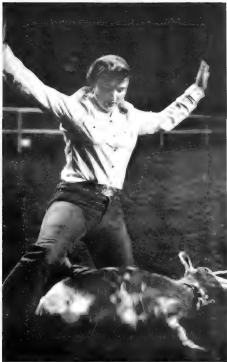
WICHITA PLAYERS DEFEND AGAINST NEW ORLEANS' SAL CANTUOLINA

USING STOCK BICYCLES WITH RACING HANDLEBARS AND SEATS, INDIANA UNIVERSITY MEN HEAD FOR FARM IN 15 MILE RACE AT BLOOMINGTON



THE RODEOS GO TO COLLEGE

by PAUL O'NEIL



ARMS OUTSTRETCHED. JOHN L. HOOT, Monticello, Idaho, was crowned the champion cowboy last spring in a match and in a small post with a "pique" string. Girls dressed in traditional rodeo costumes but did not compete in regular rodeo events.



COLD FRONTIER OF UNIVERSITY OF WYOMING

FROM HALF A CENTURY or more the new colleges of the old West—many of which were wrenching themselves into new educational patterns based on ranching and mining—have submissively copied the traditions of eastern universities. Schools which lusted wistfully for mandolin music and Ivy before World War I, turned to high-pressure football afterward; the Yale-Harvard boat race, the Dartmouth ski carnival, and even the Oxford-Cambridge rugby match have their reflections west of the Mississippi. But the other day, the University of Wyoming's big new fieldhouse was the scene of a sport spectacle as peculiarly



IS HOPIED AND FIRED DURING A WIDE ROVER WHICH WAS HELD IN FRONT OF THE KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA FRATERNITY HOUSE ON WYOMING CAMPUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY KEBBLES

Western as a leading line: Wyoming's annual regional intercollegiate rodeo with scores of Stetsoned college cowboys and tightly dressed college cowgirls from all over the Rocky Mountain states.

The big show—the first indoor rodeo, amateur or professional, in the history of the state—was something to impress the most weathered rancher and some 2,000 of Laramie's 15,000 citizens turned out to cheer its two night performances. A college rodeo clown, tempted late by baiting huge and belligerent Brahma bulls in the open arena and repeatedly saved his skin by leaping into a rubber-padded

oil drum. The college cowgirls not only rode cutting horses in zigzag barrel races, but even engaged in a female substitute for calf roping—they leaped from the saddle with "piggin' strings" in their teeth to tie the legs of a small but extremely cunning goat.

Their male teammates did battle with more than 80 head of genuinely big-time rodeo animals, haled for the occasion from top Stock Contractor E. A. (Buzzy) Hoover, and exhibited hair-raising hardihood and recklessness, if sometimes less than professional skills, as they came out of the chutes on Brahma bulls and bucking horses. And the show ended with a melee

calculated to depopulate Wyoming's Greek-letter organizations—18 fraternity boys, divided into teams of three, simultaneously saddled six plunging Brahma cows in one narrow area of tankard. Half a dozen of them rode the indignant monsters the length of the arena—an adventure in precariousness which left no doubts at all as to the durability of Wyoming youth.

"Git Western!" an announcer shouted over the loudspeaker system while the heaving fun went on. "C'mon, folks. Git Western! Git Western!"

He might have saved his breath. Western colleges are gitting more

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PREVIEW

THE BRICKYARD, as the Indianapolis Speedway is nicknamed, is a chapel of auto racing one day a year. Loyal fans will wait in their cars for weeks outside the gate to get a choice infield parking spot on race day. The drawing on the right shows 433 acres of track, the racing facilities and section of a public golf course in the infield.

FURY ON A SPEEDWAY IN INDIANA

The Memorial Day race at Indianapolis—as much a tradition of the day as the showing of the flag—packs its speed and thrills into four hours, 500 roaring miles for 140,000 holiday revellers

by JOHN BENTLEY



© Courtesy Speedway

MEMORIAL DAY RACE: VITAL STATISTICS



INDIANAPOLIS '500' TROPHY

EVENT—50th Indianapolis 500 "Big Boy" race

PLACE—Indianapolis Motor Speedway, four miles NW downtown Indianapolis

DATE—Monday, May 26

TIME—11 a.m. Central Daylight Time. Infield gates open 5 a.m.

DISTANCE—200 miles (200 times around 2½-mile asphalt and brick course)

STARTERS—33 cars, picked from 57 entries

RACE VALUE—Based on receipts, should exceed \$250,000. Millionaire at Speedway—\$75,000 (first

place \$20,000; automatic driver—\$40,000; lap prize—\$150 each lap—\$30,000)

TICKETS—\$3 (infield parking \$1400/grandstand penthouse)

RECORDS—Fastest: Vukobrat (1954), 149.84 mph; fastest oval (1954) \$250,375, winner's share (Vukobrat, 1955) \$20,000; winners: Meyer, Shaw, Rose (three each)

ATTENDANCE—140,000

ACCOMMODATIONS—For latecomers (hotels and motels are jammed): Visitors Bureau, main office, Claypool Hotel, has 3,500 private rooms listed, starts service at 8 a.m. Sunday

That 500-mile Memorial Day race rounds and rounds the big track at Indianapolis has no real parallel anywhere in the world—not France's famed Le Mans, Italy's Mile Miglia or Mexico's Pan-American. It is older than any of those, is equally spiced with danger and, if shorter in miles, is won at more furious average speeds.

It is also a Memorial Day institution as traditional as showing the flag. Annually it rounds the blood of 140,000 eyes on the asphalt and brick course at the speedway itself, along with that of tens of millions—people who may never notice another auto race all year—who listen and watch for the results on radio, TV and in the newspapers. For something like three hours and 45 minutes, the "500" wakes up its drivers in a howling tornado of speed. The watchers too.

The racing is gaudy, with colored balloons floating lazily over the infield, where nearly 50,000 of the fans

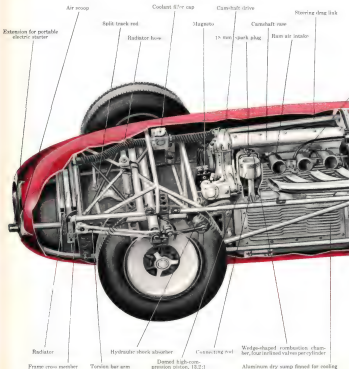
BRED FOR THE '500'

The car below is a Kurtis-Kraft with a Meyer-Drake engine, and it has just one purpose: to win at Indianapolis. It is sometimes known as an "Offy" after the famed Fred Offenhauser, who developed an earlier Indianapolis engine, the Miller. In his own turn, Offenhauser gave way to Meyer-Drake. Except

for superficial details of the aluminum Kurtis-Kraft bodies, the Offys (which have won every "500" since 1946 and should occupy all but a couple of this year's starting positions) are as alike as a row of peas. The four-cylinder, 270-cu.-in. aluminum engines, weighing a mere 522 pounds,

have twin overhead camshafts, Hillborn Travers fuel injection systems, Champion spark plugs, and they ride on Firestone tires. The engines produce 320 horsepower at 5,500 rpm using methanol fuel. The car weighs only 1,800 pounds—less than an MG—and costs in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

Preview continued on page 18



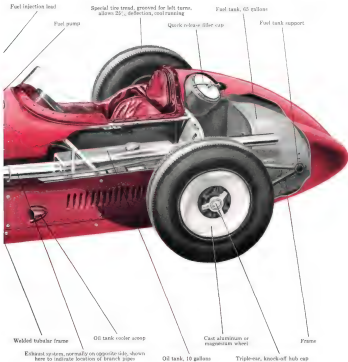


BUILT DRIVERS HAVE TIME FOR ONLY THE BASIC INSTRUMENTS



EXPERIMENTAL CANOPIES PRODUCE PROUR AIR-FLOW PROBLEMS

DRAWINGS BY JAMES R. LEE



The Nine Lives of Leo Durocher

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

PART II: AT THE GASHOUSE

A brawling crew of Cardinals, a firm and patient wife and his new friend Branch Rickey helped Leo to his greatest playing days. Then came trouble

Few men possess more intuitive and scientific knowledge of baseball than Leo Durocher, manager of the World's Champion New York Giants. One man who does, Branch Rickey, modestly says, "I don't think there's anyone in America who understands baseball as well as Leo." Rickey could know—Durocher worked for him for nine years, first in St. Louis and then in Brooklyn. Having once raised Durocher out as manager of the Dodgers, Rickey's respected estimate is doubly meaningful. Not long ago, while he was watching some of his own Pittsburgh teen-agers cut their childish capers at the Pirates' training camp in Fort Myers, Florida, the question was put to him, "Would you own, Durocher, would you hire him, as manager at Pittsburgh today?"

Rickey pulled his massive catcher's hand over his jaw and smiled through his broad-fingered fingers. "In the first place, it's a tampering question," he correctly replied. Then he proceeded to answer it.

"If Durocher didn't have a job, I'd be awfully glad to have him come and see me," he said at length. "I'm speaking theoretically, mind you. He's the type of man any owner who wants to win a pennant would find desirable."

Ruminating further, Rickey warmed up to what has always been one of his favorite subjects. "Leo handles players beautifully," he said. "He's quick and impulsive. No administrative hand-raises working closely with him needs to act on his own impulse right away.

Wait a while, maybe he'll change his mind. He's flexible, he's aware." Rickey smiled, as if he had just witnessed a neatly executed double play. "I could work beautifully with him," he continued. "Marvelous aptitudes. Cards, billiards, anything he does, I've seen him a few times playing pool. Of course, I'm not a connoisseur in that field. . . ."

The voice dropped off and then resumed. "As long as there's ever a

chance to win he'll give it all he's got. He would not be a scholarly student of cables. He mightn't have high marks in gaining his objective. He's like a turkey in a tobacco patch that sees the worm and knocks down 20 stalks to get it. . . . I can live with the fellow. I enjoy him. He's so human and so likable in so many ways. You get to have a real affection for him and, by heaven, I do. Yes, Rickey likes him. I don't know anybody who doesn't."



ELECTRIC COMBINATION of Larry Mendonick (left) and Leo, who helped Dodgers to comeback in 1941, was not always on friendly terms in this photo with Branch Rickey.



VICTORY GRIN of exaltation: The shorty Dodger-John McGraw in 1913 had good reason to accept glory for third base coach.

first pursuit is to give "The man who built the Yankees" foundation of modern success. Dodger had been coach, and

Since Durocher has been called the best offensive field manager since John McGraw, Rickey was asked for his comparison of the two men. "McGraw was a tyrant," he replied, after some further reflection. "A perfectionist, a pedagogue. He didn't care if a young player didn't know what was right or wrong in the beginning. They required skills, and McGraw required them to learn something and then do it. When he told a man to stand, for example, that meant he wanted and expected a player to do just what he was told, to break, run, slide, use his eyes, his arms, his feet, everything. McGraw could impart a skill by words. He was more nearly a profound baseball man and a good mind than anyone I ever knew."

"Durocher doesn't have too much time for those minor incidents of play. He's not much a respecter of personalities, and he won't change his tactics to please a personality, or compromise his judgment. A man is either good or bad. He takes them as he finds them. But he has great courage, and at the same time, in many ways, he handles youngsters better than McGraw. He sits them up, kids them along, and he's more patient with a boy, accordingly, than John was."

The comparison between McGraw and Durocher is apt because, more nearly than anyone else managing in the big leagues today—and he's been managing the longest consecutively—Durocher bridges the gap between the old and the new. He was a player himself, and one of the toughest and scrapp-

iest, in the days when players, generally, were a different breed. Now he's a manager in the new era. Durocher himself is the first man to realize the difference.

"YOU FOUGHT LIKE A PANTHER"

"There's been a big change in the players, in their attitudes and in the circumstances under which they play," he says. "When I broke in you fought like a panther to stay on the club, and if you did something wrong you'd get hell up one side of the diamond and down the other. Men like Mr. McGraw were rough and tough and they could be sarcastic as hell, too. You'd walk over to your locker one day and find a pink slip—boom! you're optioned out. No one called you into a front office and put an arm around you and said what a nice guy you were but won't you please go down for a little more seasoning. You'd just crash the next bus and, if you were lucky, maybe you'd get another chance next spring, but there were plenty of others working for a shot too. A kid didn't figure then, as he might now, that he could make more money working in a factory and playing semipro ball on the side. You've got to treat 'em differently today. They're lighter-type boys, to begin with. Almost all have gone through high school and a lot went to college. You can't just shout at them or order 'em around. You have to subdue them, make 'em feel at home. When Huggins on the Yanks told me to go up there and hit in pearly, I had to fight my

way to the batting cage. Ruth and the rest, they'd just shove me aside. Nobody laid me out a target. Today you invite a boy to take his turn and there's three coaches besides myself to see that he gets it. The bonus boys figure in this too. The owners will tell you, 'We've got \$88,000 invested in this kid. Take it easy with him.' So you take it easy. The players expect it. They'll no longer take what's dished out to them and go right on playing."

Herein Durocher, who has not always practiced what he's preached, anymore than Branch Rickey has always preached what he's practiced, has had his violent moments of demerol. Back in 1913, when Solkey Weil, then owner of the Cincinnati Reds, traded him early in the season to St. Louis, Leo severely took it the way it was "dished out"—he fought tooth, nail and liveries against going. Dehydrated, dazed and then dazed by life in New York, he had been shamed from the top of the baseball world, the great Yankees, to the bottom, the sad Reds. But in Cincinnati he had become a big fish in a little pond, and Weil's careful handling of his financial problems had put him back on his feet until an unfortunate marriage brought fresh woes. Durocher's gratitude to Weil was sincere. He wanted to stay in Cincy. When Weil told Leo that he had been forced to accept Rickey's offer, which included Pitcher Paul Derringer, Leo blew his top. "He swore he would never play for Rickey, called

Continued on next page

INSIDE BASEBALL

by PAUL RICHARDS

IN THIS CHAPTER FROM "MODERN
BASEBALL STRATEGY" (PRENTICE-
HALL, JUNE 1) PAUL RICHARDS
DISCUSSES A CONTROVERSIAL PLAY

PART III: THE HIT-AND-RUN

THE hit-and-run play is generally ascribed to the immortal John J. McGraw. McGraw certainly developed the idea in the beginning to prevent the slow runner and average hitter from becoming involved in a double play, but many modern strategists have completely forgotten just why and for what the hit-and-run was first devised.

Today you see the play used indiscriminately for slow runners, fast runners, good hitters, weak hitters and so on. Professional clubs should keep a record of their attempted hit-and-run plays, and figure up at the end of the season just how many times they worked, as against the times they failed for the following reasons: The batter swinging at a bad ball at the wrong time, a line drive hit directly to a fielder, a pitchout, the batter swinging and missing the ball, the runner or the hitter missing the sign, an infielder moving to cover second base, fielding a ball that would have been a hit.

Now add to this the times the runner on first would have gotten to third even though the hit-and-run wasn't on. The club that keeps these records will find it has taken itself out of more innings than it created by successful execution of the McGraw invention.

GOOD RESULTS CAN BE BAD

On the other hand, through knowledge of the play and its potentialities, as well as the players involved, can bring good results from the hit-and-run. Usually it will work better with a right-field hitter of average speed and a fast runner on first. At the same time, it should not be overworked with the line drive hitter whose chances of drilling the ball can be lessened considerably by forcing him to swing at any given pitch. With a runner on first and less than two out, the good hitter must be expected to drive the runner to third, if not all the way home.

The natural hit-and-run play for most players comes under the following conditions—a runner on first or first and second, less than two out, and the count three balls and two strikes on the

batter. Many advocates of the hit-and-run extol the virtues of the play with a count of three and one or two and nothing on the batter. I defy any manager or ballplayer who will keep a thoroughly accurate record throughout an entire season to state the hit-and-run has been beneficial to the club in general with those counts.

In the three and one situation, many batters, in their anxiety to protect the runner, swing at a pitch that would have been ball four. For the sake of discussion, let's consider that a good .300 hitter stands in the batter's box and the count goes to two balls and no strikes. Many players and managers claim that two and nothing is a good hit-and-run count. A complete season's statistics on this particular setup, however, will reveal that the hit-and-run actually has hurt the club more than it has helped—by at least three to one.

A CATCHER CAN CRIPPLE

With the hit-and-run called, the batter must be prepared to swing at the pitch regardless of where it is. The number of times the hitter is forced to swing at obviously bad pitches will more than offset the times the hit-and-run is successful in this situation. Any good smart catcher with the courage to gamble with wide curves and pitchouts can cripple any club completely if it insists on using the hit-and-run play indiscriminately.

Another hit-and-run play completely without justification in the realm of sound baseball strategy comes with two out and a runner on first. Usually, even if the play is successful, the runner can only go to third, and another base hit will be needed to score the run. Not only do you run the risk of having the runner thrown out at second because of an inadequate lead, but you also place the batter in the position of having to swing at the pitch no matter where it is thrown.

It's better to allow the runner to try a clean steal of second. Then the batter, at his own option, may hit the ball, provided he feels it's a pitch he can

continued on next page

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INSIDE BASEBALL

continued from page 37

drive far enough into the outfield possibly to score the runner. Certainly his chances to score that runner are better on a two-base hit if the runner is in motion. At worst, the runner will be thrown out at second on the attempted steal and your good hitter will lead off in the next inning.

With very few exceptions, the hit-and-run can be a burden on the hitter. Many ballplayers just don't like to be required to hit a certain pitch. In other words, they don't like to hit and run if they're on the hit end. Rare indeed are the really gifted hit-and-run batters. Few clubs have more than one or two who can do the job correctly.

Phil Rizzuto, Billy Goodman, Mickey Vernon, Bobby Avila and George Kell—this group just about completes the really good hit-and-run men in the American League. Managers over in the National League have told me there's an equal scarcity of men with this talent there. Leading exponents are Alvin Dark, Don Mueller, Jackie Robinson, Danny O'Connell, Pee Wee Reese and Red Schoendienst.

HITTING TO THE OPPOSITE FIELD

A discussion of hit-and-run always leads into a discussion of hitting to the opposite field. This ability has been associated with men adept at the hit-and-run, because it represents an important ingredient in the successful execution of the play. Players like Harvey Kuenn and Mickey Vernon in the American League, and Alvin Dark in the National League, hit the outside pitch with great regularity into the opposite field. On the hit-and-run, they can maneuver around at the plate, and can whack most any delivery—within reach—into right or left, as the play may dictate.

We have pointed out the many pitfalls involved in the hit-and-run, but this doesn't mean it should be stricken from the offensive repertoire of any club. It merely means that hit-and-run strategy can certainly be better applied than it is usually. Properly employed, the maneuver can still be used effectively as John McGraw designed it to be. (CWS)

NEXT WEEK: PINCH HITTERS

In next week's analysis of baseball strategy, Paul Richards talks about the problems and rewards of choosing the right man in a pinch

BASEBALL

**TWO HOT YOUNG PITCHERS
NAMED SCORE AND TURLEY
ARE EVOKING MEMORIES OF
LEGENDS THEY MAY RE-CREATE**

by **ROBERT GREAMER**

THE rocketing fast balls of two young American League pitchers — Bob Turley of the New York Yankees and Herb Score of the Cleveland Indians — have aroused an eager sense of anticipation in those baseball fans who are ever hungry for new variations of baseball's limitless dramatic possibilities. What they anticipate, perhaps over-optimistically, is a latter-day revival of The Duel—a whole series of Turley-Score pitching battles that would be renewed each time the Yankees and the Indians meet over the next who-knows-how-many years. Memory, or a warm knowledge of baseball history, helps to excite that anticipation.

For instance: ask any real oldtime baseball fan about Christy Mathewson and Mordecai Brown. His eyes will light up. "Those were the days," he'll say. "Matty and Three-Fingered Brown! Whenever the Cubs and the Giants played you'd have Matty against Brown. What games they pitched!"

Or ask any baseball fan over 30 about Carl Hubbell and Dizzy Dean. "Hubbell and Dean!" he'll say, savoring the memory. "Hubbell and Dean. Whenever the Cardinals and the Giants played, there'd be King Carl and Ol' Dix. What games! . . ."

What games, indeed, with two great pitchers going against each other, the two best pitchers in the league pitching for two of the best teams in the league, time after time, and each time with the eventual pennant race at stake.

Mathewson-and-Brown, Hubbell-and-Dean—they are the prototypes of The Duel in baseball. In each instance and over a number of years one of the pair was the Big Pitcher on one of the dominant teams in the league at the same time that his rival was the Big Pitcher on another dominant team.

It's all in the books. The Chicago Cubs—Brown's team—and the New York Giants—Mathewson's—between them won every National League pennant but one from 1904 through 1913. In six of those years, from 1906 through 1911, Mathewson won 22, 24, 37, 35,

continued on next page

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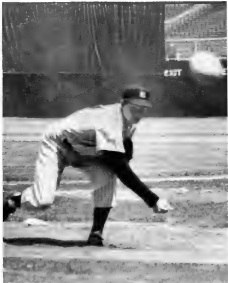
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YANKEES' BECKY BABE RUTH PUTS POWERFUL ARM AND BACK MUSCLES BEHIND 31-MPH PITCHES

BASEBALL

continued from page 29

27 and 26 games, while Brown won 24, 26, 29, 27, 25 and 21. Imagine seeing a 37-game winner and a 29-game winner pitching against each other! Yet that is what the baseball fan saw in 1908. Mathewson had great seasons before and after those years, but it was during that period that Brown reached the peak of his form, pining the greatest of all Cub teams to four pennants in five years and pitching against Mathewson in some of the most memorable games in the annals of baseball. Cub fans still claim that Brown could consistently outpitch Matty in the clutch. In the famous play-off game for the National League pennant in 1908, for instance, Brown beat Mathewson 4-2 before an estimated 35,000 people, the largest baseball crowd ever up to that time. When Matty and Three-fingered Brown were scheduled to pitch against each other, baseball fans went into the Polo

Grounds or West Side Park in Chicago tingling with anticipation.

A generation later, fans experienced much the same feeling in the 1930s when they went into the Polo Grounds or Sportsman's Park in St. Louis to see Hubbell and Dean. Like Mathewson, Hubbell had fine years both before and after his rival's comparatively short stay in the sun, but Dean's big years—1933 through 1936 and the first half of 1937 (until he broke his toe in the All-Star Game in July)—were years when the Giants, with three pennants and a second, and the Cardinals, with one pennant and two seconds, fought tooth and nail every time they met. (Once, early in 1937, they fought in the literal sense of the word, with players from both teams wrestling each other to the ground and trading punches all over the infield in a melee that came to be known as "The Battle of St. Louis.") Hubbell won 23, 21, 23, 26 and 22 games in those five years while Dean took 39, 39, 28, 24 and, in 1937,

12 before getting hurt in mid-season.

You can find other pitchers in baseball history—Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Grover Alexander and Lefty Grove, to name some of them—who were equal or superior to Mathewson and Brown and Hubbell and Dean as pitchers. But nowhere else will you find two great pitchers meeting repeatedly over the years in games that meant so much to so many pennant races.

All this may make more understandable today's anticipation of Turley-and-Score. The Yankees and the Indians are undeniably the dominant teams in the American League, and they seem likely to remain so. And Turley and Score, if you respect the enthusiasm of sound baseball men, are likely to become the Big Pitchers on those big teams surprisingly soon.

HIGH WALL HAZARD

For instance, last week Score was slated to pitch against the Red Sox in Boston's Fenway Park. Fenway Park has a high wall jutting across left field, only a long fly ball's distance from home plate. Right-handed hitters flourish here because simple fly balls to left field (which is where right-handers hit most frequently) that would be outs elsewhere rebound off the wall for base hits or clear it for home runs. Because right-handed hitters usually hit south-paw pitchers more easily than they do their right-handed counterparts, managers try to avoid using left-handed pitchers in Fenway Park. Herb Score is a left-hander.

With all this in mind a Boston sports-writer put a question to Al Lopez, manager of the Cleveland Indians, before the game Score was to start.

"Al, aren't you a little afraid to pitch Score here?" the writer asked.

Lopez grinned at him, almost smugly. "I'm not afraid to pitch Score any place," said Lopez flatly. "Any place, or against anybody."

Score pitched a three-hit shutout.

In Yankee Stadium a few days later Bob Turley gained credit for beating the Baltimore Orioles, even though he was terribly wild and uncertain. He walked nine men, including four in a row at the start of the sixth inning, before Manager Casey Stengel of the Yankees took him out. Casey, who usually goes to his bullpen fast when a relief pitcher seems indicated, was asked why he stayed with Turley so long, in view of his obvious wildness.

"With a pitcher like him you can gamble," Casey rapped. "Maybe all of a sudden he finds himself and you're set. And even when he's wild you don't

hurt yourself too much because nobody's going to hit him. Not a pitcher like that."

The figures backed Casey up. The Orioles were able to hit only three singles off a sub-par Turley. Next day Billy Cox, who had never batted against Turley before but who had hit against such fastballers as Ewell Blackwell, Robin Roberts, Curt Simmons, John Antonelli and Warren Spahn, was still talking about the young pitcher.

"Whew, is he fast?" Cox murmured at one point. Someone then told him that Turley, disgusted with his performance, had said, "I didn't have anything. I wasn't near as fast as I was against the Indians last week."

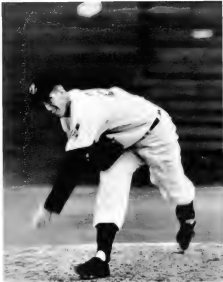
Cox looked at his informant in momentary disbelief and then turned slowly away, whistling thoughtfully.

Both Turley and Score depend primarily on the fast ball which, for both of them, is a pitch that not only approaches the batter with blinding velocity but which also "moves" a little as it does, lifting up or falling away in a slight deviation from a true straight line. It is their big pitch, their meat-and-potatoes pitch, the one you can expect them to throw in times of duress when success or failure depends on one pitch. It gets each of them a lot of strikeouts.

Which of the two is faster is a subject of casual debate around the American League, but there is little question that either one of them is much faster than anyone else in the league. Dave Ferris, pitching coach of the Boston Red Sox, was talking about Billy Hoist of the Detroit Tigers, a highly promising young left-hander. "His best pitch is his fast ball," Ferris said. "Is it as fast as Turley's or Score's?" he was asked. "Oh, no!" Ferris exclaimed. He seemed startled by the question. "Right now nobody in the league is near either of them in speed."

Turley gets his speed from his bulk. He's big and burly, with a broad, meaty back, huge shoulders and strong arms. Although he and Score are the same height, 4 feet 2 inches, Turley, at 216, is 30 pounds heavier. He throws the ball in a three-quarter overhand delivery. Most of the effort seems to come from his upper arm and shoulder and from the muscles around the shoulder blade.

Score, on the other hand, is comparatively lean. He throws the ball with a long, whiplike overhand motion that seems to lack the violence of Turley's delivery. His curve ball is considered generally to be a little more



INDIAN BILLY HOIST HERE SCORE GETS SNAP ON FAST BALL FROM WHIPLIKE OVERHAND DELIVERY

effective than Turley's, but Turley's fast ball moves a little more. Both of them throw a great many bad pitches and frequently fall behind the batter at three balls and no strikes or three and one. Score seems better able to recover in such instances. He doesn't walk as many batters as Turley. He seems more confident, less inclined to worry and fret. Turley, who will be 23 on September 13, came up to the majors originally at the tail end of the 1951 campaign but this is only his second full season in the majors. He seems very serious and intense. Score, 22 on June 7 and in his first major-league year, is easygoing, casual, unscrutinized, though he is unable to sleep the night after he pitches.

Of course, Turley is under greater pressure than Score. He is one of Stengel's Big Three and he has to come through if the Yankees are to be a vital factor in the pennant race. Score is a sort of bonus for Al Lopez, whose pitching staff without Score was con-

sidered one of the finest in major league history. Lopez has been able to work Score into starting assignments slowly.

When either of the two is hot, on his game, throwing his fast ball the way he wants to throw it and occasionally getting in a fast, sharp-breaking curve, he is tremendously exciting to watch. Baseball becomes in the purest sense a contest between pitcher and batter. With strikeouts after strikeouts the excitement mounts. And front offices become increasingly aware that attendance figures show significant increases whenever Score or Turley pitches.

Some day this season, perhaps on Sunday, June 12, in Cleveland's huge Municipal Stadium, or Tuesday night, August 2, in Yankee Stadium; perhaps later, perhaps not until next year, but sometime, the pregame announcement will say: Probable Pitchers—for Cleveland, Score; for New York, Turley.

Then joy will be unconfined. And The Duel will begin. (E.E.E.)

BOXING

by BUDD SCHULBERG

MARCIANO'S BATTERING OF DON
COCKELL WAS MORE—AND LESS—
THAN A RING BATTLE. IT ALMOST
RESTARTED THE REVOLUTION

FOR YEARS I have pored over accounts of the English prize ring bare-knuckle battles and tried to visualize what those fights were like. Daniel Mendoza, the heavyweight champion from the London ghetto, had introduced the art of footwork and some fancy blocking, but the average bare-knuckle pug a century ago was a strong, squat, determined slug of a man who stood his ground like an ancient gladiator, dealing out punishment to the limit of his endurance and taking the full force of his opponent's blows without flinching. The prize ring was a test not so much of skill but of what the fancy liked to describe as "British courage." If a man had sufficient pluck—or "bottom," as they used to say—if he was a glutton for "lacers" or belly blows, he could make a name for himself inside the ropes. He might be a feeble hitter or a sluggish performer, but as long as he fought on manfully to the bloody, immense end in his hopeless cause, he was carried back to his harouche and cheered like a winner.

Except for the technicality of wear-

ing eight-ounce gloves, Don Cockell's stand against Rocky Marciano in the lasting daylight hours of a cool San Francisco sunlit day was a glorious—or appalling—throwback to this pre-Marquess of Queensberry condition. This was a bare-knuckle brawl with gloves—and not a pleasant sight either—as an unroach, merciless, uncontrolled and truly vicious fighter (the unbeaten Champion Marciano) wore down an ox-legged, resolute fat man who came into the ring with the honor of the British Empire weighing heavily—and consequently—on his massive, blubbery shoulders. He had promised his Union Jack supporters that he would not let them down, and the first words he mumbled through swollen lips after his fearful beating in nine rounds were an apology to his fellow countrymen for not having done better.

A BATTLE OF GLUTTONS

But the sad truth is that Don Cockell never will do better than he did against Rocky Marciano in the waning light of Kesar Stadium, American box-

ing writers had not underestimated him in unanimously dubbing him as a hand-picked opponent with whom Marciano would toy for a little while before he knocked him out. They had only underestimated his gluttony. He ran at thundering left and right hooks by the dozen, stagger around the ring like a Skid Road drunk, throw up between rounds from the force of the body blows, and then rise dutifully at the sound of the bell for another frightful three minutes of the same. Don Cockell was acclimated by sportswriters on both sides of the Atlantic for his ability to absorb hundreds of Marciano's hardest blows, and one Englishman went so far as to write that "... this was the kind of extra courage which makes you proud to belong to the human race and to have been sired by the same breed as the boy who grew up in the back streets of Battersea."

The defeat, in which the English champion won only a single round, and that by a shade before Marciano had warmed up to the slaughter, has installed Cockell as a national hero. "It was really a victory," limned the *London Star*, English Promoter Jack Solomon after the fight was talking of the rematch as a national for London, where the sporting bloods have convinced themselves that their man could win if Marciano's foul tactics were prevented by a fair referee willing to enforce the rules.

British pride has always run high

WAS DON HIT WHEN HE WAS DOWN? INDEED HE WAS



and perhaps never higher than in these embattled years when the sun finally seems to be setting on the second Klugebein Empire. Every one of the visiting Englishmen I talked to, including Cockell, his high-strung, peevish manager, John Simpson, and the angry British newsmen in the tense visiting dressing room after the fight, seemed acutely and even painfully conscious that this was not just a scrap between a couple of heavyweights but between representatives of heavy America and dear old England.

ANOTHER BRAVE BULL

The plain fact is that Don Cockell is not too much of a fighter, despite the fact that most of us thought he would only be around for five or six rounds and he managed to suffer on for eight or nine. He's just another brave bull who comes straight at you, holding and moving his hands fairly well until he gets tired; he doesn't hit nearly hard enough for the head-on style he uses, nor does he have any of the evasive footwork and headwork of a Walcott or Charles when they were at their best. He's just a light-hitting plodder, a sitting duck—and a nice plump one too—for any heavyweight with the guts to bring him down. If he were not the champion of the British Empire, and if the patriotism of fading glory did not steam up the prose of the British sportsmen, he would seem to be what he is—a willing trial horse, a dogged tub of fat.

You may give three cheers for his stoutness of heart; but even heaven, it seems to me, uses those who talk of a rematch, for one has to be a man of iron nerves—utterly fearless—to throw this defenseless warrior back into the pit with the most destructive heavyweight since Joe Louis and the most uninhibited one since Yea-Ton Tony Galento used to swing fists, shoulders, elbows, head and knees in the general direction of Joe's victims. Tony, you bet, was once in a while and may qualify as the only rambling now residing in Orange, N.J.

In the Cockell dressing room after the fight there was much to do about Rocky's unmannerly tactics and such bitter attacks on American sportsmanship that we were more than ever aware of the difference between American fist-fighting and British boxing. There is no disputing that the English adhere more closely to the rules. Their boxers are penalized for infractions that are overlooked as "just part of the game" over here. Fritzie Zivic, Sandy Saddler, Willie Pep, Jake La Motta and other topnotchers have gotten away with

stuff that would probably get them banished for life from the English ring. It may have something to do with the difference in cultures. The British would seem to be more "civilized," while we still have one foot in the backwoods. Or, in Rocky's case, it could be more apt to say, in the jungle. Yet despite the rising tide of British indignation, I don't think Rocky fought his hapless opponent deliberately. He goes into a fight like an old-time rough and tumble who locks himself in a room with a man to see which one of them can stand it the longest. He lurches at you like a fullback, and when two big men collide in the middle of a ring heads are going to smash together. His punches are the equivalent of a home-run-happy slugger, and when he misses his elbow is likely to catch you on the swing-around. He's a wild man when he's in there bumbling for a knockout and he isn't listening for the bell at the end of the round. In this case the bell happened to be a dull amigue, and the roar of the crowd and Rocky's obsession with annihilation could easily account for his hitting after the bell. Punching poor battered Cockell while he was down was another foul—in the old Dempsey over-superstition tradition—but, as Rocky tried to explain next afternoon, he had already started his swing and it isn't easy to suspend a punch in mid-air. Just the same, I thought Referee Frankie Brown might have warned Rocky occasionally—or even taken a round away from him for butts and low blows.

"Is Maclean the dirtiest fighter you ever fought?" Cockell was asked as he sat in his dressing room. He is a sturdy, proud, touchy man, who seemed not to like the fresh or direct questions of his American interviewers. Cockell resented this one. He rose and started to walk away. He alone of the British party had not complained.

Peter Wilson, who set the tone of indignation for the whole British contingent, summed it up for all of them when he said, "We still conduct boxing as a stylized sport under a formal set of rules. Here it is legalized cobblestone bowling. The methods used are unimportant. Winning is."

Thus, even in these days of NATO and Anglo-American brotherhood, the revolutionary war crackles on.

If this one-sided match should be made again, even on Cockell's home grounds with a neutral referee, it is my humble, star-spangled opinion that Rocky will drape him over the ropes like wet laundry again, formal rules and all. (END)

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Next week

HORSES

PREAKNESS PRIMER: THE BEST OF RACES LOSE THEIR GLORY IF THE BEST HORSES AREN'T THERE, AND THIS YEAR NASHUA IS ALL ALONE

by ALBION HUGHES

WHEN SWAPS went off to California after showing the best horses in the East how to win the Derby, he did more than disappoint a lot of racing fans who would have liked to see more of him. He fixed the triple crown for this year and made the Preakness, pride of Maryland, just another fairly interesting high-stakes race. Subsequent events hurt it still more. First Mrs. John W. Galbreath decided Summer Tan was not in shape to run this weekend; then Dedicate, the Jersey Stakes winner, was taken out of the running by his owner, Jan Burke. Thus Preakness, generally considered a good deal more than just a sandwich filling between the Derby and the Belmont Stakes, this year becomes a sandwich of a somewhat watery order.

And more's the pity too. The Preakness has a fine tradition, dating back to 1873. To Maryland, a state famed for good horses and good horsemen, it has more significance than either of the other two events of the triple crown. The race is named for M. H. Sanford's Kentucky-bred horse who won the old Dinner Party Stakes in 1879 at the then brand-new Pimlico track. Sanford sold the colt to the Duke of Hamilton, who put him to stud. But Preakness proved intractable and the Duke finally had him shot. The present race is his memorial, for his death led to new international rules of humane treatment for horses.

This year it is a memorial with more money than glory. Nashua stands an excellent chance of picking up the winner's share of the cash (\$70,000, plus), but it will be a hollow victory. His closest rival would seem to be Montpelier Farm's (Mrs. M. DuPont Scott) Saratoga, who passed up the Derby because his people didn't want him to run against the colt everyone thought would be a triple-crown. Saratoga was second to Nashua in the Flamingo. He was the Chesapeake and then was beaten by Dedicate in the Jersey Stakes in record time. A money possibility may be Clifford Mosses's Withers' winner, Traffic Judge, who is certainly improving.

Among other possible starters of the 152 nominated last Feb. 15 is W-L

Rasch's Honeys Alibi (seventh in the Derby), proving that not all California horses fear the Preakness. (Correlation was odds-on choice last year.) Nance's Lad, who beat the undefeated Boston Dogs and who ran second in last week's Withers, will try for the blanket of black-eyed Susans which traditionally drapes the Preakness victor. And Sailor, winner of the Toboggan at Belmont, may be a threat because his trainer, Preston Burch, has pulled them out of a hat before. Remember Bold in 1951. But from here it is impossible to take the race away from Nashua.

One thing is sure, however. On May 28, when the band plays Maryland, My Maryland as the horses parade to the post for the 79th running of the mile-and-a-half classic, the new Clubhouse will be filled with Free Staters who still believe, rightly or wrongly, that if a horse wins the Preakness he has a touch of greatness. It is impossible for them to understand the chauvinism, if that's what it is, which has prompted two California owners in a row to whisk their Kentucky Derby winners home without so much as a flick of their hoofs at either the Preakness or the Belmont. And they have a

point: it would certainly be better for the sport if, instead of looking on the triple crown as an Eastern fable, the Californians would unite with the East to make one world of American racing. Maybe the triple crown needs a Matt Winn to ballyhoo it.

Meanwhile, June is about to bust out all over the race tracks. Delaware Park opens May 28 with the Wilmington Handicap. Chicago's brand-new Balmoral Jockey Club is in the midst of its inaugural meeting at Washington Park and the Citation Handicap, first of three \$50,000 stakes, celebrates Memorial Day. Monmouth Park, on the Jersey coast, starts its 50-day whirl June 11 with a schedule of 26 stakes, beginning with the Oceansport. The Monmouth 'Cap July 23 has been upped to \$75,000.

Up in New England, summer is a-comin' in at Narragansett Park with a 24-day meeting starting June 4. High point is the Providence Stakes June 23.

Belmont, of course, holds the center of the New York stage until June 13, when it closes with the 87th running of the Belmont, the only top-class mile-and-a-half race exclusively for 3-year-olds in the country. Then come Aqueduct, opening its summer session with the Queens County Handicap June 13.

And on the West Coast Hollywood Park goes on and on until mid-July.

There's racing too in Ohio, in Michigan, in Colorado, in Nebraska. In fact, it will be almost impossible to be out of range of the sound of hoofbeats from now until autumn.



BOATING

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

WHEREIN SI'S BOATING EXPERT
TAKES A RIDE IN A NEW FISHING
CRUISER AND MAKES SOME
DISCOVERIES ABOUT STEEL

I WAS QUITE surprised when I first looked at the plans of Sport Fishing Boats Co.'s 24-foot Striker and saw that she was made of steel. Ordinarily, steel construction is a boat so small would make her too heavy for good performance. If, on the other hand, her plating were too thin, it might buckle and rust through.

It was with some reservation, therefore, that I traveled to Freeport, Long Island to try out Striker. However, I wanted to test her for two reasons. From her plans I knew she would be an interesting-looking boat. Secondly I knew her designer, Philip Bolger of Gloucester, Mass., to be one of the finest architects of small sport-fishing boats, and I felt if Bolger had chosen steel, he must have had good reasons. Striker might be something special.

At rest off the dock at Freeport she was even more appealing than her plans had suggested. She had a perky sheer extending from a high bow to a low fish-handling stern, a nicely blending trunk cabin and a rakish flying bridge. Her steel construction wasn't immediately apparent, since the top-sides were smooth with welding joints almost indiscernible and no rust anywhere although she had been in water and uncovered for four months.

Upon stepping aboard, the practical features of Striker's design were apparent. The roomy, self-bailing cockpit was ideal for fishing, with low freeboard to prevent interference with the rod and to make it easy to pull a big fish aboard. Rod holders were built into the gunwales. The fishing chair was located in the after part of the cockpit so that the coaming on all sides was just the right distance for foot bracing. The steel mast doubled as an air exhaust from the engine room and as a king post for landing a heavy fish.

The cabin was simple—designed less for cruising than for shelter. There were, however, two full-length berths, a head, a minimum galley and full headroom in the afterpart.

A glimpse into the engine room beneath the flying bridge deck revealed plenty of room and such quality features as Monel gas tanks and rubber mounting. I was most interested, how-

ever, in seeing the deep bilge formed by the hollow box keel—an unusual design feature sure to affect performance.

At the dock Striker was passing her examination with flying colors. But her performance under way would be the acid test. Anxious to see how she would behave, we—Herb Phillips, co-owner of Sports Fishing Boats, and I—eased out of her slip.

In gear at idling speed, she moved ahead at a perfect pace for dead-slow trolling, her broad stern and heavy steel plates holding her speed down in spite of the power of her 135 hp Nordberg engine. Her maneuverability was amazing. With full rudder she turned almost in her own length.

Standing on her flying bridge as we headed toward more open water, it was hard for me to realize I was in a boat as small as 24 feet. The five-foot-long bridge deck was a couple of feet above the water line, affording 360° visibility and making it easy to spot fish or shoals. The bulwarks around the forward deck, besides offering protection

against slipping overboard while handling the anchor, heightened my impression of being on a larger boat. She had a feeling of weight and solidity not unlike a work boat dressed up to be a yacht. But the most pertinent question was still unanswered: Could this bulk become alive when urged?

We were now in open water and gave her full power. She didn't leap ahead, but rose up gradually, gained speed steadily until we were doing over 20 mph. Stripped of all gear, Striker has reached 27 mph. Far more important than her stripped speed, however, was the fact that now, loaded with gear, we were planing high and easy.

At this speed she banked nicely on turns and maneuvered adequately. The steering mechanism struck me as a bit stiff. However, what she lacked in quick maneuvering she made up for in ease of holding a course or a turn. Again, the feeling of a bigger boat was the most notable characteristic, and this was emphasized by her steadiness in the short, steep waves.

There wasn't enough real sea, however, to test her fully, so I tried turning hard at full speed and driving into her own quite sizable quarter-wave. Striker scarcely noticed it. Her deep forefoot sliced into the waves, and she rose imperceptibly, her flaring bows throwing spray far to the side, her built-in spray rails forcing down the

continued on next page



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TESTING STRIKER

continued from page 45

free water effectively. Once over the sea, she came down softly, with no pounding. Her weight kept the motion slow and easy—again like a boat of larger dimensions. I had seen enough then to know that Striker was a fine rough-water boat.

Satisfied with her high-speed performance, I throttled the engine back to cruising speed. She eased off to about 17 mph, and was just as smooth in motion and free from vibration as she had been at top speed. Next we tried backing and I was surprised to see she steered to starboard and port with almost equal effectiveness.

When we got ashore we drove over to the building shop at 2655 Merrick Road, Bellmore, Long Island, to get a look at her reconstruction and to determine, if possible, the reason for her surprising buoyancy and ability to put on speed. The hulls were being built upside down, affording a perfect look at her most unusual design feature—the hollow box keel extending most of her length. It was finely faired both forward and aft, but of sufficient depth and width to give a lot of buoyancy. This long thin "hull beneath a hull" causes some slight resistance. However, the lift it imparts makes the hull proper float no lower than if she were more lightly constructed, and this extra buoyancy allows her to reach adequate speeds. Furthermore, the box keel gives protection to the propeller and rudder.

BUMMA, CUM LAUDE

The complete absence of rust I had noticed in the demonstrator was explained by the fact that the entire hull is zinc-metalized and then painted with several coats of the best anti-rust primer paint.

In price, Striker is right in line with good wooden boats—from \$4,250 with a 36 hp Nordberg engine and simple cabin arrangement to \$5,293 with a 165 hp Nordberg and more deluxe cabin plan. Twin screw power is available with prices up to \$6,442, but in view of her maneuverability and the reliability of modern marine engines it doesn't seem worth the difference.

Anyone with a prejudice against steel for small-boat construction might well change his mind after seeing Striker. True, her speed isn't dazzling, and a slightly smoother first appearance is possible with wood or glass-plastic construction; but Striker gets a good passing grade on both these counts and is recommended on many others. **END**

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TIP FROM THE TOP



from **JOHNNY REVOLTA**, pro at the Emerald Golf Club, Bixby, OK

For golfers of all degrees of skill but especially for middle-handicap players

It doesn't happen very often but every now and then you hear reports that this or that professional purposely played his approach shot to a treacherous green into a greenside trap in order to be certain of getting down in two shots. I mention this not because it is a strategy I would recommend, but it does serve to emphasize how confident most pros feel about trap shots. For the average golfer, on the other hand, this is the shot he fears most of all. He plays it with a wavering mind and trembling hands, he muffs it, and so it remains the shot he fears the most.

When you are exploding from loose sand, you must play a very firm stroke with a purposeful follow-through. Your wedge should enter the sand about an inch behind the ball. It should drive through the sand in a straight furrow some six inches long. Or to put it another way, the club head continues to plow through the sand for five inches or so past the spot where the ball lies. If you stay down over the shot and concentrate on plowing a straight furrow, I can assure you that you will soon be on your way to becoming a confident trap player.

Johnny Revolta shows the furrow technique for playing explosion shot



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NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JOE NOVAK ON THE PIGEON-TOED STAGUE

GOLF

ST. ANDREWS' ROYAL & ANCIENT COURSE WAS NEW TO THE AMERICANS. THE WEATHER (RAIN) PRO-BRITISH, BUT THE U.S. TEAM ONCE MORE WON THE WALKER CUP

by HERBERT WARREN WIND



ALL THE important bunkers on the Old Course at St. Andrews have been accorded individual names. There is Hell Bunker—which explains itself—and Cockle Bunker, shaped roughly like a cockle shell, and, smack in the middle of the 16th fairway about 250 yards from the tee, there is a nest of three bunkers which a long time ago reminded some whimsical St. Andrewsian of the nose of the principal of the local college and which ever since has been called the Principal's Nose.

What a great many observers felt was the decisive sequence in the 15th biennial Walker Cup competition between the U.S. and Great Britain, held last Friday and Saturday, began at the Principal's Nose. In the lead match of the four foursomes traditionally waged on the first day of play—two men play alternate shots and drive at alternate tees—the American pair of Harvie Ward and Don Cherry came to the 18th hole, the 34th of the match, see down to the formidable, experienced team of Joe Carr and Roscoe White. It was Cherry's turn to play the tee shot, and he lined the ball into the Principal's Nose, into the forward left-hand bunker of the Nose, to be exact. The British ball, driven by Carr, lay nicely on the fairway to the left and 15 yards ahead, leaving White with a fairly routine pitch of 120 yards to the pin on this par four. Things looked very sanguine indeed for Britain.

A moment later they looked even better. Harvie Ward, the best amateur

in the world, stepped down into the bunker to play the second shot for the Americans and succeeded only in slapping his attempted recovery into the front wall, from where it rebounded back into the wet sand. It was Cherry's turn then, and he played an explosion over the steep face and onto the fairway a few yards past the British ball. So there it was—Britain lying one, the U.S. three, at about the same point, and surely it was understandable if the victory-starved British fans anticipated with some certainty the winning of the hole, the gaining of dormie two, and, in due time, the winning of this vital first match.

READING THE UNREADABLE

A bizarre succession of shots then took place. White skied his simple pitch a full 40 yards short of the green. Ward's pitch was no bargain either. It finished at the very front of the green, 45 feet short, in the sizable dip below the plateaued deck on which the pin was positioned. Getting into the half-flag spirit of things, Carr, a fine fighting player from Dublin, played his run-up far too cautiously and it peered out 30 feet short. The British pair, however, still had two putts for their five and that looked as if it would be good enough, for Cherry would have to hole a long unreadable putt over an uphill break and then across a side-hill break to give the Americans their five. Cherry did just that. The Americans had sneaked off with a ball they

should never have been permitted to entertain.

Cherry and Ward went on to win the 35th, the famous road hole, with a par four when Cherry, playing the bravest golf of his life, followed Ward's accurate drive with a superb two-iron to within 25 feet of the hole. All tied up with their inexplicable timorousness, White and Carr, never up, three-putted from 70 feet. The match was now even, with the 36th to play, a par four of 383 yards to another one of St. Andrews' terribly tempered greens, the pin set some 20 feet beyond the swale which forms the left-center frontiron of the green and which is known, with good reason, as the Valley of Sin. Cherry and Carr faced out fairly lengthy drives, Carr's a few yards longer. Ward dropped his pitch just over the Valley of Sin, 20 feet from the hole. And then White, with the winning or the losing of the match in his hands, once again played a woefully fainthearted approach, right into the Valley of Sin. It usually takes three putts to hole out from there, and three is the number the British pair required. Cherry and Ward got down in two, and so Carr and White, as they used to say of the Republicans, had snatched defeat from the very jaws of victory.

This collapse by Carr and White, particularly the latter, is detailed at this length not only because of its inherent drama but also because of its bearing on the entire picture. When the Americans subsequently won the three



PHOTOGRAPH BY HANS WILD

other foursome matches, Great Britain entered the second and final day of play trailing only by 3 to 1 but by 4 to 0, and there is a great deal more of a difference between those figures than first meets the eye. In other words, Great Britain was faced with winning six of the eight singles to tie and, to win, seven of the eight. Not even the most diehard British rooters could hope for such a landslide. On the evening of the first day, then, it was tacitly agreed by the partisans on both sides, neither group particularly elated, that the 15th Walker Cup competition had for all purposes been decided again in favor of the United States, for the 14th time. The events of the next day justified this prognosis. The well-balanced American team added six victories, and this made the final score United States 10, Great Britain 2.

EXPLODED EXPECTATIONS

That is the story, and yet it is hardly the story at all. Perhaps the key to the larger story is contained in a remark that the American Captain Bill Campbell made before the shooting began. "We expect a mighty tough fight," Campbell said. "When you meet a British team in Britain, it's always a hard match. When you meet a British team at St. Andrews, it's always a very hard match. And when you meet this British team at St. Andrews, it's an assignment." To tackle this assignment, Campbell had the youngest Walker Cup squad in the 34-year history of

the event, a team that averaged 29. Moreover, it was the greatest American team ever to invade Great Britain. In the line-up were no Chapmans, Turnesas, Coos or Stranahan, no bearded veterans of foreign wars. Harvie Ward, to be sure, had won the British Amateur in 1902, but Harvie alone was a former national champion and, excepting Campbell himself, the only member of the team who had played in Britain before.

From the day of his appointment to the captaincy, Campbell had meticulously gone about the job of preparing his untraveled players for the exotic problems in golfmanship which St. Andrews presents. He wrote them detailed letters, supplying everything from an overall description of how to play the Old Course to a listing of the heavy clothing they should carry with them. On board the *America* he held daily skull sessions in which he went deeper into the character and demands of the Old Course—the course no American likes on first sight, since it bears no resemblance to our domestic layouts, a treeless sea of green dunes whipped by ever-changing winds off St. Andrews Bay and the Firth of Tay, an unorthodox course with buskies out in the heart of the fairways and where 14 of the 18 greens are huge double greens, that is, one green serves both an outward and inward hole. The right portion of one green, for example, serves the 3rd hole, the left portion of it, the 15th; the right portion of another green

serves the 6th, the left portion, the 12th. On the Old Course a golfer either becomes a good *suitor* or a man at sea. He must learn the best routes under the variable conditions for tacking his way back and forth among the hazards and through the ambiguous winds to the huge greens. Campbell incalculated his team sufficiently in the topographical facilities of St. Andrews that when they saw the Old Course, they all felt they knew it well. Furthermore, they all liked it. As Bruce Cudd, at 21 the kid of the team, put it, "Bill has prepared us for everything. The only thing we've had to think about is our gall."

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE

On the eve of the match, the British golfers were equally cheerful and inwardly confident. They gained a sense of a valuable edge in having on their team no less than six men who had previously participated in Walker Cup matches. The consensus was that, given a good start and a few breaks, they could definitely win. One of the breaks hoped for was a fine dose of British weather, a continuation of the cold winds and sporadic hailstorms that had been lashing the course. "I hope," said Alec Hill, the British captain, on the eve of the battle, "that tomorrow will not be too windless and balmy."

Friday was neither windless nor balmy. A cold rain fell, abetted by a stiff breeze from the northwest, where snow still covered the distant peaks of

continued on next page

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WALKER CUP

continued from page 48

the Grampian Hills. If the weather affected the Americans, however, it was not apparent. All four pairs got off to good starts, kept up with their British rivals, or barely ahead, into the mid-afternoon and then, match by match, asserted themselves, frequently with the assistance of loose play by their rivals just at those occasions when a strong thrust was needed. In the fourth match the Americans Bruce Cadd and Jimmy Jackson pulled away to win 5 and 4. In the third, Dale Morey and Lieutenant Joe Conrad wrapped up another point for the Americans, 3 and 2. Billy Joe Patton and Dick Yost closed out their match 2 and 1.

UNEXPECTED GENEROSITY

Three tidings made it imperative that the first British pair, Carr and White, keep a very firm hold on their lead of one hole which they carried into the 34th hole. When they failed to do so, even after Ward and Cherry had trafficked with the Principal's Niece, Great Britain was down 4-0. It was the first time a British side had ever been shut out in the foursomes on their home soil, and no one was happy about it, not even the 56 Americans who had come over to cheer their team on.

The trouble was that the British play down the stretch had been downright generous. The Americans' ability to draw away represented fine play on their part but also a remarkable lack of tournament toughness on the part of their opponents. Ward & Co., with many stern matches under their belts, with plenty of experience digested in open tournaments against professional competition, played calmly and competently when they knew they had to. Most of the British players, on the other hand, appeared to be rattled by their overdetermination not to be rattled. This state of affairs might have been ameliorated had the players been exposed to more top tournament competition, and such a program will probably have to be initiated if the talented British players are to develop the competitive maturity our players exhibit.

With the outcome of the 15th Walker Cup match virtually assured, the second day's play was bound to be somewhat anticlimactic. For all that, each of the American players played sound, very sound, golf in a long day of rain, rain, rain. In the top match, Harvie Ward, a great two-to-green player who is that rarity, a great putter,

shattered White's record of victories in the singles by whacking him 6 and 5. Billy Joe Patton, playing No. 2, was in tip-top form against Phillip Branton, and he needed to be to defeat, 2 and 1, a fine gaffer who bounced up with six birdies. Dale Moevy eventually lost one down to Ian Caldwell after fighting back from three down with four to play. Cherry, up against Joe Czer in the No. 4 match, continued his sterling play.

And so it went. When the American team was picked, when it sailed for Britain and when it arrived, it was described as the "weakest team" ever to represent the U.S. in a Walker Cup match. This was nothing more nor less than the truth, going by the individual records of the players and contrasting them with the records of the amateur giants who populated previous teams. And yet, judged in its joint performance on the Old Course, the team was at least as strong as its star-studded predecessors and, in the eyes of many veteran British authorities, perhaps the best team ever to come across. This is a great tribute to Bill Campbell, who "steered down" in both the foursomes and the singles. Campbell is an extremely capable golfer, but he has never been and will never be as good a player as he was a captain. He turned in a terrific job, or, as one local inhabitant expressed it as Campbell stepped up to receive the Walker Cup for his team, "That tall man is a verra, verra camparient leader." **END**

ANNIVERSARY



THIRTY YEARS AGO this week, Lou Gehrig, a strapping young man only a couple of years out of Columbia University, batted for Pecos Wainwright, Yankee shortstop. He failed to get a hit. Next day Gehrig registered Wally Pipp's first home run of the team. This was the start of one of the most amazing baseball records in the book—a string of consecutive games played that lasted through 2,130 American League contests.

BOWLING

by VICTOR KALMAN

THINK COMES A TIME—the fractional instant before he releases a ball which means triumph or defeat in an important national tournament—when a bowler faces his "moment of truth." At stake is not his life, but his career, which sometimes seems almost as important to the professional. Winning one of the "prestige" championships—the All-Star, the ABC Masters or the ABC all-events—could augment his income by thousands of dollars in exhibition and endorsement fees. If he is lucky enough to reach the point where one strike will bring victory, he must make good; the odds against a second chance are 100 to 1.

In the fifth annual Masters the "moment of truth" came as the hands of the huge electric wall clocks at the Memorial Coliseum in Fort Wayne, Ind., moved relentlessly past midnight into the morning of May 20. Sixty-two of the 64 finalists had been eliminated on the four previous nights. Now it was up to either handsome, lithe Joe Kristof, 33, a 4-foot bowling instructor from Chicago and one of the game's great stylists, or short (3-foot 6 inches), chunky Basil (Buz) Fazio, 47, captain of the U.S. Champion Bowlers' Beer team of Detroit. Kristof had had one defeat in six preliminary rounds; Fazio none. This meant that the Chicago bowler was faced with the dismal prospect of having to defeat Fazio in two successive four-game blocks, for the Masters is a double elimination event. (The Masters is rolled each year on the same lanes as the ABC championships to revive local spectator interest in the drawn-out parent tournament which this year opened March 26 and runs through June 4.)

Kristof appeared to have an insurmountable lead going into the ninth frame of the fourth game, when he had a tough break. Playing overcautiously to hit the headpin, he bowled a wide split, while Fazio got a strike. Kristof also failed to strike in the last frame—and this, for Fazio, was the moment. A double would give him victory. If he missed, he would have to face a psychologically-bolstered opponent in another four-game block. Fazio stood

IN THE ABC MASTERS, BUZZ FAZIO FACED A SUPREME TEST OF SKILL AND NERVES—AND WON HIS FIRST BIG BOLD TITLE

at the end of the approach and gazed at his spot on the alley for several breathless seconds. He took three determined strides, a graceful slide and released the ball with an easy follow-through. He knew it was a strike before the ball swept the pins into the pit for a 770-768 triumph and the title.

"Was I nervous?" he asked later, laughing. "I haven't been nervous since I got married 25 years ago. I will say this, though. It was the greatest thrill of my life. Even though I helped the Strohs win the national championship, and Tony Lindemann and I won the U.S. doubles twice, I was never able to win a big individual bowling tournament. Well, from now on I'll never have another regret."

IMPOSSIBLE SPLIT

Fazio, who is known as a man who never stops trying, made two "impossible" 7-10 splits during the Masters (by rebounding the 7-pin off the back cushion). One of the conversions gave him an 895-899 triumph over Bill Wels of the St. Louis Badweaters. For those who like statistics, the new champion scored 5,328 for the 28 games (204.13 average) and had high series of 925. Corp. Dick Hoover of Akron finished third behind Kristof. U.S. Champion Steve Nagy, seeking to become the first man in history to win both the All-Star and the Masters, could not get going. He lost his first match to Fazio, defeated Thomas Gibson of the Pfeifers (who recently, with George Young, was the U.S. doubles crown at Louisville, Ky.), and then was eliminated by Fred Sykes of Chicago.

Nagy, incidentally, is selling his home and business enterprises in Cleveland and moving to Detroit to join Pfeiffer Beer's promotion department under a two-year contract. Going with him is Harry Smith, Cleveland match game champion. They will replace Bill Lillard and Bill Bunetta. The 1955 '56 Pfeifers—Capt. Lou Siskel, Young, Gibson, ABC all-events leader Fred Bujack, Nagy and Smith—seem to me to be stronger than the Strohs, who are contemplating no changes in their line-up next season. **END**

THE GUN THAT WOULDN'T DIE

New developments in the lever action are bringing America's favorite rifle, often criticized as old-fashioned, to the front rank as a big-game weapon

by PAUL R. WALKER

THE CURRENT lever-action repeating rifle is 100 years old. If it had listened to criticisms of its shortcomings by serious shooters it would have died of shame half a century ago. The fact that it didn't and that today it is still the most popular deer rifle in the country is due mostly to its handiness. A stroke of the lever ejects and reloads the rifle with astonishing speed. Lever actions are slim and lightweight; they carry nicely. But so real improvement in their basic designs had been made in nearly 60 years, until last week when Winchester introduced its radically new Model 88, revealed for the first time in full color on the following centerfold pages.

To appreciate the innovations of this new rifle, one must examine the two main defects of most lever actions. They are less accurate than a bolt action because their stocks and fore ends are separate parts and their actions do not have the support of the bolt action's one-piece stock. The tubular magazine below the barrel of some lever actions is no help to accuracy either. Whereas a good bolt action will group five shots in an area not exceeding two inches at 100 yards, a lever action in .30-30 caliber (by far the most popular) will do well to keep five shots within 3½ inches. Because of this, and since most big-game lever-action cartridges are of relatively low velocity (Savage's .350-3800 and .400 are notable exceptions), the lever action has been considered by many sportsmen as only a 150-yard rifle, useful

chiefly for shooting in thick cover where ranges are short.

The Winchester Model 88 has a one-piece stock and is chambered for the comparatively new .308 cartridge, which is a slightly shortened version of the high-powered .30-06 sporting and service cartridge. (Savage will soon introduce the .308 in its lever actions, too.) Winchester's new rifle therefore possesses two long-sought improvements: accuracy and power. It also has a shortened lever throw, a unique trigger (see ref.), a box magazine at the rifle's balance point, side ejection of cartridges (Marlin and Savage have long had this) so that a telescope sight can be mounted centrally on the receiver, and an unusually strong bolt-locking system. Marlin will also introduce a .32 lever action later this year (see centerfold) with several excellent features that are somewhat similar.

Bolt-action rifles have been challenging the lever action since 1873 when Winchester produced a bolt action invented by B. B. Horthkorn, an American living in France. In 1880 Remington made the Remington-Keene bolt action and in 1899 the Remington-Lee, ancestor of the Lee-Enfield, Britain's service rifle for many years. But Americans, monogamous at heart, remained faithful to the lever action.

The true reason is probably romance. Early American gun designers developed the lever-action repeating rifle before they developed anything else. The lever action went with the men who poured across the Mississippi after the Civil War. They shot buffaloes, Indians and outlaws with it. Thus, the opening of the West came to mean romance to boys and men. The Western movie and the Western magazine serial are as standard today as the Western dime novel of the 1890s. A cliché of the day was, "Crack-crack, crack went the Winchester, and 15 Indians hit the dust." (The Model 1873 Winchester held 15 cartridges.)

What boy could resist that sort of thing even after he grew up? Besides, there were Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley. Buffalo Bill was a good deal less than his press agents claimed, but the spectators didn't know that. He spelled romance as he loped around the circus ring on an easygoing horse, with a lever action bored smooth (like a shotgun) for shot cartridges, breaking glass balls thrown to a convenient height in front of him. And Annie Oakley, looking like a little girl in her short skirts, could do anything with a lever action (her pet Model 1892 is shown on the opposite page) that Buffalo Bill could and a lot of things he couldn't. And so, the lever action lives on. Thanks to the newest developments it will probably see the turn of another century, still out front in popularity.



UNIQUE TRIGGER of the Model 88 Winchester drops down with lever but won't permit gun to be fired until bolt is locked.



EARLY LEVER ACTION, the Volcanic, which failed because its ammunition was poor, was developed in 1854 by Smith & Wesson, who later founded their famous revolver firm. This was one of the first attempts to sell a breech-loading repeating rifle.



IMPROVED DESIGN was the Henry rifle, patented in 1860 and backed by Oliver Winchester, a Volcanic stockholder. It was used in the Civil War. An advertisement proclaimed: "Sixty shots per minute. . . . The most effective weapon in the world."



FIRST WINCHESTER was Model 1866, similar to the Henry except for the loading port at side of the action, permitting the gun to be quickly loaded here instead of from the front. The French and Turkish armies bought a large number of the 1866.



BUFFALO BILL'S PET for 40 odd years was the Winchester 1873, the company's first center-fire rifle. The Colt Single Action revolver was brought out to use the same cartridges, and together these dependable guns helped to open up the West.



SMOOTH-WORKING 1884, John M. Browning's first repeating-rifle design, was so successful it was brought out in five calibers, including the Army's big .30-40. Although discontinued in 1913, it eventually sold less in Winchester's current Model 71.



ANNIE OAKLEY'S 1893, with gold-plated parts, was a lighter, lighter version of the 1886. Tremendously popular in the U.S., this Winchester also sold well in South America, the Far East and Australia. Admiral Peary took one to the Pole.



RUGGED MODEL 1894 Winchester was used by Teddy Roosevelt for lion hunting in Africa and by other big-game hunters because it came in large calibers. The only lever action capable of handling the .30-06, it was also a favorite of the Texas Rangers.





MOST POPULAR hunting rifle ever made (2,122,122 to date) and still in production is Winchester's Model 1894, designed by John Browning for the then-new .36-30 cartridge. Light and compact, it is particularly fitted for hunting deer in thick cover. Special commemorative models were presented to Calvin Coolidge, who received No. 1,000,000; to Harry S. Truman (No. 1,500,000); and to President Eisenhower (No. 2,000,000).



LATEST WINCHESTER, the Model 88 announced last week, weighs about 6½ pounds, has a one-piece stock like a bolt action's, with the latter's well-known rigidity and accuracy. Lever stroke is 49" shorter than in other Winchesters and for the first time the user's finger can remain on the trigger, which drops with the lever. Chambered for the new .308 cartridge, the 88 is the most powerful lever action now made.



NEW SAVAGE Model 30F is a much improved rifle over the one Arthur Savage designed in 1896. Once made in a takedown model, it could be had with an interchangeable shotgun barrel. This sleek featherweight (probably the lightest big-game lever action) takes the high-velocity .250-3000 and .308 Savage cartridges and employs a compact, revolving-pool, 3-shot brass magazine which is entirely enclosed within the action.



FORTHCOMING MARLIN .22, to appear this fall and be called the Model 56 Levermatic, has an exceptionally short (22") lever throw for rapid reloading, as well as a one-piece stock and micro-groove rifling (16 shallow rifling grooves instead of the usual 4 to 6) intended to give unusual accuracy. An old hand at lever actions, Marlin also makes the only other lever-action .22 and a big-game model available in four calibers.

PLACE TO BE—on May 30th, the 39th International 500-Mile Race at Indianapolis, Indiana.

PLACE TO BE—all year round, the advertising pages of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, where every week you can flag down 575,000 successful young families at the head of today's new generation of lively, sports-minded consumers.

FAST FACTS for advertisers:

At 575,000 weekly circulation, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** now accounts for one out of every 34 American families with incomes of \$10,000 and more, and one out of every 6 American families living in homes valued at \$20,000 and more.

And **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has clocked up this additional mileage: 64% of SI subscribers own their own homes; 92% own cars; 26.8% own two or more cars.

When you advertise in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, you talk to America's successful young (and young-at-heart) families: the people you'll see skiing whenever there's snow in the winter . . . sailing whenever there's water in the summer . . . driving, traveling to the best vacation spots in any season.

Their purchasing horsepower pulled two-times and hand-taps to the top of automobile popularity . . . made sports cars an everyday sight on the American road. Sports bring them together, whether as spectators or participants . . . and the sports mood is a buying mood.

And these successful young families are the prime models for millions of others who follow their lead in how to dress, what to drive, what to do and where to go.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is moving steadily out ahead of the pack with some of the nation's leading advertisers. William W. Holman, Advertising Director, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.

SPORTS **ILLUSTRATED**

Magazine of today's
successful young families





SAM HANKS 1953 AAA champion. Qualifying speed: 148.183.



JIM BRYAN, last year's AAA champ, was crowned at Indy despite injuries. Qualifying speed: 148.165.



WALT FAULKNER is making his comeback. Qualifying speed: 138.762.

INDIANAPOLIS PREVIEW *continued from page 22*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOE CLARK

TO QUALIFY IS JUST THE BEGINNING

At Indianapolis, as in all AAA big car races, the starting positions go to the fastest qualifiers. Here the emphasis is as much on the driver's sense of pace as on the delicate tuning of the car, for once a driver signals he is taking his four official qualifying laps, he is irrevocably committed to the speed he records. This year's qualifiers have been

averaging around 140 mph—slightly faster than last year and about 8 to 10 mph faster than the probable average for the race, including stops. The qualifying trials start three weeks before the race and are run off on weekends before sizable crowds of dedicated Indy fans. It normally takes four or five days to complete the trials and fill

the 33 starting positions. Pole position goes to the fastest qualifier on the first day—Jerry Hoyt this year at a speed of 140.043, recorded in gusty winds of 33 mph. Fastest qualifier: Jack McGrath at 142.586. On these two pages some of Indy's finest drivers are shown getting ready for and finishing their trial runs as the big day draw near.

JACK MCGRATH, who finished third last year, looks up if he may again be the favorite this year. Qualifying speed: 141.586.

JERRY HOYT won pole position in surprise trial on chilly day, while other driver won 115. Qualifying speed: 139.987.





BILL VUKOVICH, Jr. From a 1958 Ford Mustang for the 1958 season, Vukovich, a Indianapolis 500 winner, is seen here in his 1958 Ford Mustang race car.

more powerful Mustangs. Last year Vukovich won the 1958 Indianapolis 500, a feat that is still a record. (Qualifying speed: 141.421.)

For a chapter from the life of a great Indianapolis racer, turn the page

YESTERDAY

A RACE TO REMEMBER

Indianapolis' greatest driver recalls how he survived one crash and barely missed another in the half-raising "500" of 1931

by WILBUR SHAW



THE AUTHOR, A THREE-TIME WINNER, IN 1935

IT'S WONDERFUL to be young and cocky. Everything that spring of 1931 had gone wrong. The car I was supposed to drive literally fell apart on the track the day before the race. Fred Duesenberg came to my rescue and asked me to drive one of the two cars he had entered, but there wasn't time for a practice run and I couldn't start the race because I hadn't qualified the car. Still, nothing fazed me. That morning I was confident the best race driver in the world was on his way to the Indianapolis Speedway. It was going to be a breeze.

Seconds seemed like hours before the start, but finally the beautiful Cadillac pace car pulled away from the starting line. Stragglers moved into their proper positions as the field rounded the first turn, and you could hear the roar of the engines as the pace gradually increased. Then out of the north turn they came with a tremendous surge in a cloud of dust sucked up from the tiny crevices between the bricks.

By the time I could see again, the whole pack was back, but Phil Pardee, who had started out in my No. 32, turned a few more laps to let traffic this out before coming in.

He braked to a stop and jumped out. Before his feet hit the ground I had jumped in. And I really mean in. I went clear out of sight. This big Duesie had been built for a man, not a little fellow like me. The seat was so low I couldn't possibly see over the cowling. The steering wheel felt as if it were three feet in diameter. The only way I could reach the foot accelerator was by sliding sideways on the seat and sitting on the left cheek of my rear end. But it was too late to worry about things not fitting. By leaning out the left side of the cockpit I discovered that I could see ahead, and we took off.

I shifted into high gear about halfway through the No. 2 turn and then stepped on it. Nothing seemed to happen. A questioning glance at my riding mechanic Otto didn't tell me a thing. He seemed quite content.

What I had failed to take into consideration was that my "jandaleika" were gone. Race cars do not have speedometers. Instead they have ta-

WILBUR SHAW, 1903-1964

Wilbur Shaw, who finished at eight Indianapolis "500s," was killed in a private plane crash last year. This is an excerpt from his book about his career, *Gentlemen, Start Your Engines*, published this week by Coward-McCann (15). Copyright 1955 by Coward-McCann, Inc.

chometers to show how fast the engine is turning. If you know the gear ratio in the rear and the distance the rear wheels travel with each revolution, you can tell how fast you are going. As you get to know the car you are driving, you gauge your speed mostly by the sound of your engine, the force of the wind in your face and the feeling in the seat of your pants.

As I passed my pit for the third or fourth time I executed a French wave of my shoulders, which meant, "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but this is as fast as the old goat will go."

I thought maybe they would call me in to see what was wrong. On the next trip around, Fred Duesenberg did nothing but clasp his hands above his head to give me the OK sign. The thought flashed through my mind that he was congratulating me on taking it easy until I had learned some of the car's peculiarities. And here I was, driving it just as hard as it would go. I wondered what his reaction would be when he gave me the go sign later in the race and nothing happened.

We had passed a few cars, but I'd taken it for granted that they were some of the dogs which invariably seem to get into every race. But the next time we moved up in the field I noticed we were passing a pretty good car. And in another minute we passed a damn good car.

The old optimism began to come back.

"We might make some money after all," I said to myself, "because most of the other fellows seem to be having some trouble, too."

The track was getting slicker every minute. In 1931 there were no regulations regarding the amount of oil a car could use, and as a result we were careless about leaks. It didn't take long for the track to get coated with oil. When that happened, the only thing to do was to "wish" the car around.

I was so busy getting the big blimp through the slick turns that I didn't realize I was fast getting myself into a jam of another kind. As we slid out of the south turn on to the backstretch, four cars were right ahead of us. They were running nose to tail and I was crawling up on them. I knew that if I was going to take them it would have to be all of them at once, so I stood on the throttle.

First I got Shurty Cantlon. Then Red Shafer and Freddie Wenzel, and I was just moving alongside Ralph Hepburn when I suddenly realized we were at the end of the straightaway.

When you are doing your observing with one eye around the edge of your cowling you can't watch too many things, so I concentrated on Hep's right front wheel. I felt sure he would ease off the throttle a bit in order to get into the turn properly. If I stayed on it a split second longer than he did I might be able to give him an eighth of

an inch or so clearance and get back into the groove ahead of him. But it didn't work out that way.

Hep wasn't giving an inch and he didn't know I was blocked by the cars behind him. He was determined to hang on as long as I did. When I finally pulled ahead it was too late. The turn had started some place back of us and I was much too high on the bank for safety.

Before I could coast the car back into the groove I heard the "see—see—see" of the tires as they began to lose their grip on the bricks.

The car made three or four little prancing sidesteps and then traded ends as it went into a spin.

Regardless of what any driver may tell you about bringing a car out of a disastrous spin at racing speed, there's only one intelligent thing to do. Get down in the basement as far as you can and push up on the steering wheel. Then look up into the heavens and say "Okay, Gabe. You've got it." If he isn't taking care of the situation you're in a bad fix.

You usually don't have to wait long for something violent to happen, and with four cars right behind us and no place to go except through us, I was fairly certain of quick action now. But things seemed quiet. So I took a peek over the edge of the swirling, wishing there was an eye on the end of my finger to stick up instead of my head.

SPACE SHIP

The outlook wasn't too bad. The track appeared to be coming around just right so that I might be able to hit the throttle and come out of the spin. Unfortunately I miscalculated slightly. We headed straight for the top of the bank, where the retaining wall had sunk a couple of feet and formed more of a ramp than a barrier. The front wheels hit with a thud and we took off into space.

With Otto and me huddled on the floor, the car flew for 25 or 30 feet, tore down telephone wires strung along the outside of the track and landed on all four wheels. The sound of torn and twisted metal was terrible. Then everything was deathly silent until we heard the siren on the "meat wagon" coming ground to salvage what was left.

They got me out first, and everything seemed to be hanging together in good shape. Otto was lucky, too, although his forehead was badly lacerated. They loaded both of us into the ambulance—along with Winval, who had hit the wall a few feet from where we had—and then darn near killed us

as they tried to set a new record for the trip to the hospital.

My wounds were minor. Some of the meat had been scraped off my shinbone and I had lost a little hide in 15 or 20 different places. I got out fast before they found something else wrong and headed straight through Gasoline Alley so that I could signal to my wife Boots and Mother that I was all right. I wasn't in a hurry to get down to the Duesenberg pit because I wasn't sure what kind of reception I'd get.

ROUGH DEPRECIATION

The last time Duesenberg had seen the car I was driving for him it was worth about \$25,000; now, at the going price of scrap metal, it couldn't have brought \$250. Much to my surprise, Fred didn't seem to be concerned about anything except my health.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"No."

"Bare?"

"Bare."

"All right," he said. "Get your helmet and goggles on. We'll call Gleason in and put you in the other car."

I couldn't have been more surprised if he had handed me Gile to the entire Duesenberg plant. The stop was put on Jimmy Gleason, and before I had had time to think about it I had squirmed into position in another big cockpit, stuck my head out the left side and was off again.

I decided to take it easy for a while. But after a few laps I punched a little harder on the throttle as I came out of a turn and discovered I'd been running wide open all the time.

I distinctly remember thinking: "Gosh, this one won't run, either."

We headed into the backstretch and there they were, almost exactly as before, with only Winval's car missing.

"Well, we'll try it again," I said to myself. And this time things were different—strangely different.

As I pulled alongside of Canton he glanced over at me and promptly closed his throttle. Stafee did likewise. Then Hepburn. I began to think there must be something terribly wrong with my own car. The answer, of course, as I found out later, was that they thought they were seeing a ghost. Except for the numbers, 32 and 34, the two Duesenbergs were identical.

But even with this break I suddenly found myself at the end of the straightaway again, and for the second time that day I was going into the turn too high. I punched it hard to take advantage of the room Hep was trying to give me. But the track was slicker than

ever and I did a very unworkmanlike job. The tires started that "see—see—see" business again and I was resigned to a repetition of my former experience.

This time, however, the back end didn't get all the way around. I managed to get it straightened out with at least a quarter of an inch to spare between the right rear wing nut and the wall. But I was too busy to take a deep breath until we had turned into the homestretch. Then I glanced at the lad who had been riding with Gleason before I took over the car. Honestly, you could have knocked his eyes off with a stick. They were bugged out as if they were ready to pop.

"If you had seen what I did on that turn 30 minutes ago you'd have jumped," I exclaimed, even though I knew he couldn't hear me above the noise of the engine.

The rest of the race was fairly uneventful. We moved up into sixth place but were too far back of the fifth car to overtake him. With only a few laps to go I slid into the pit unannounced and relinquished the wheel to Gleason, who I knew was dying to finish out the race.

After the race I had an awful time explaining to the boys where I'd been all day. I think some of them even yet think I miraculously drove the first Duesie back on the track.

As I was leaving the garage, I came Canton.

"Boy, did you have that St. Christopher's medal with you today?" he asked.

A couple of weeks earlier, The Runt, as we called Canton, had been with me when a feminine fan who was as cute as a speckled pup had given me such a medal. I'm not a Catholic, but I always have had a healthy respect for everyone's personal religious beliefs and I had promised her I would carry it.

NO FAVORITES

"Certainly I had it with me," I replied. "Why?"

"I thought so, you old hypocrite!" Shorty exclaimed.

"It takes care of you guys, why shouldn't it help me?" I asked.

"Well, buddy, I was one of the fellows you passed on the backstretch in such a hurry right before you failed to make the turn. And I was one of the fellows you passed on the backstretch a little later when you damn near failed to make that turn again. But if I were you I wouldn't take advantage of old Chris too often, because I don't know how much he'll stand for." **END**



"Requisition one of those National Golf Day medals for me immediately, Sirmons!"

Sorry, sir . . . The only way you can
get a National Golf Day medal is
to see your club pro and sign up
to beat the champs . . .



"Babe" Zaharias



Ed Furgol

on National Golf Day '55!



NATIONAL GOLF DAY
June 4th, 1955

is co-sponsored by LIFE and the PGA with the cooperation of the USGA

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Western by the minute and Wyoming's rodeo (won by Colorado A & M, with Brigham Young University second, Wyoming third, Casper Junior College fourth and Montana State fifth) was a dramatization of that fact. Student rodeoing, which had its feeble beginnings in Texas and the Rockies before World War II, has spread like a grass fire in the years since; today even high schools have taught the fever, and there are rodeo clubs and intercollegiate teams in more than 50 colleges in the Southwest, the Rockies, in California, Oregon, Washington and even on the fringes of the Midwest.

Intercollegiate rodeo competition, however, is not intercollegiate sport in the usual sense. A good many college student bodies now offer rodeo teams some slight assistance—Wyoming not only turned over its fieldhouse last week but underwrote the expenses of the big show. But rodeoing is still owned and operated, stirred and lariat, by the college cowboys and cowgirls themselves.

They represent college rodeo clubs rather than colleges. They are governed, not by college athletic rules, but by their own National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association, organized at Texas' Sul Ross State Teachers College and religiously patterned after the professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. They punish members for rodeo sins (the most horrible: failing to make a ride after entering; by blackballing the offender for six months and sometimes fining him as well. They set their own standards of alcoholic eligibility (a C average) and compete in their own regions (Pacific, Southwest, Southeast and Rocky Mountain) rather than in conferences for the right to enter an annual national rodeo tentatively planned for next month at McNeese State College, Lake Charles, La.).

ROCKY MOUNTAIN WALL STREET

Their governing officers are bothered not so much by the fact that many a college cowboy and even some college cowgirls work their way through school by riding and roping in professional rodeos in the summer—the pros automatically become amateurs again when they rejoin college teams. An amateur rodeo is simply one in which the kitty has not been padded by a promoter. Under NIRA rules college competitors must pay entry fees of at least \$10 for every event they enter, and the money must be offered in prizes; thus college

cowboys not only battle for points and ornate silver belts but for hard cash as well.

The rowboys have no apologies at all. A great many of them are husky, rough-and-ready, ranch-bred agricultural students who regard the rodeo as Yale men once regarded Wall Street. A lot of them are top students—a majority of Brigham Young's team is on the college honor roll—but they tend to talk in "ain't been rode, ain't been throwed" brand of English and wear their big hats, boots and levis as campus garb. They are as dedicated to form as cricketers and since rodeos have always offered prize money they have no intention of changing the pattern, no matter what the AAU might have to say.

But at the same time they defy anyone to show them that they are not more truly amateurs than most college football players. "We win some money, sure," said Brigham Young's big, beaming All-Round Cowboy Dick Smith. "Maybe a fellow could get lucky and win a couple of hundred dollars. But this costs us all money just the same. If a boy wants to enter calf roping he's got to bring a roping horse to school and stable it and feed it. If we want stock to practice on—like a couple of bucking horses or some calves—we've got to buy it and feed it ourselves. Of course, down at BYU we've got Sinclair, the bucking barrel. It's an old oil drum with a saddle on it; we've got four innervets nailed to the ceiling and four ropes between the tubes and the drum. Old Sinclair's never been rode yet when four men were really yanking on those ropes.

"I'll tell you something else. You can lose a lot of money too. I paid \$45 in entry fees and I can lose it all. Tonight we're pulling out right after the show and we're going to drive all night and pull two horses another 500 miles to Utah State College and hit their rodeo tomorrow afternoon. I'll pay \$40 there. I can lose that. We pay for gas. We pay for feed. Maybe we win once in a while and eat breaded veal on the way home but most likely we'll be eating hamburgers."

Brigham Young was not the only team which burned gasoline. Montana State's entries drove 600 miles, towing two roping horses in a trailer which the rowboys had built themselves, and they covered another 600 miles going home. Colorado A & M's drove to Laramie, competed on Friday night and set out

immediately after the show on an 800-mile overnight haul, hoping to enter Iowa State's rodeo at Ames on Saturday afternoon and get back to class by Monday morning. All this was simply routine to the six-man cowboy teams which spend virtually every weekend night burning the long Western highways at 60 mph, with their horses packaged up on wheels and zooming along behind. But it was only a part of the routine. Every college rodeo club also tries to hold an annual show of its own and most of them spend months in frenzied energetic preparation.

In Wyoming's case the burden of planning and promotion fell largely on the shoulders of Rodeo Club President Ted Schaffer, a big, dark-haired, quiet senior whose background and personality explain a great deal about the rise of college rodeoing. Most college cowboys are ranch-born and a surprising number are the sons of ex-professional rodeo buckaroos. Ted is no exception. His father, owner of the 7,000-acre Two Bar Seven dude ranch on the Wyoming-Colorado border, rode rodeo broncos for 20 years and raised his son to be a practical rancher, an athlete, a horseman—and a sportsman. "Nobody should rodeo just for the money," Schaffer Senior explains. "It isn't worth the bumps if you don't get some fun and satisfaction out of it."

WHAT THE EAST IS MISSING

Ted Schaffer and dozens of other Wyoming students seemed to be enjoying a lot of both. Their rodeo produced more spectacular falls than spectacular rides, but it also had its moments of high competence. Husky, blond Clark Wilde of BYU stayed on his bareback bronc for 10 long seconds and spurred with a will as he won the event. Colorado A & M's John Gee not only won the Brahma bull riding with his reckless ability to stick on a black-hided monster but balked a steer in 4.4 seconds, which would have been highly acceptable time even in Madison Square Garden. Then Ted Schaffer (with his father acting as banner) dove from his horse, caught and threw a later steer in a spectacular 3.5 seconds and won the event for Wyoming. The expensive show made little money, but it did not go in debt, and it moved with near-professional speed and precision.

"A little more of this," said one limping college cowboy, "and we'll be rodeoing coast to coast. Then schools in the East just do-o-o-n't know what they're missing."

END

DUROCHER'S NINE LIVES: PART II

continued from page 26

his sharp off-and-running clothes and made him, for the first time, a really good dresser, getting him to discard the pointed shoes and the lead ties he had favored since Springfield and Broadway. For nine years she gave him his head and his freedom, and he showered her with gifts and genuine, if not undivided, affection. He called her "Mare," which may or may not be significant. And when she finally divorced him, reluctantly, she split their property, which was mostly here, and Leo's take came to about \$40,000.

While she succeeded in toning him down, Grace could no more make Leo over completely than Branch Rickey could. Both on and off the field he remained the loud-mouthed take-charge guy, and he did everything in his own peculiar style. Joe Medwick, the great right-handed Cardinal slugger, who roomed with Leo, remembers that he always carried at least one steamer trunk full of clothes when he traveled.

"I was just a young punk then and he used to let me borrow anything I wanted," Medwick says. "I wore everything of his except shoes, which didn't fit. Leo was as generous as they come. He'd literally give you the manogrammed shirt off his back, and he'd give you cash if you needed it too. No wonder he was lucky." (Medwick and Durocher have remained friends but, like Sidney Weil, Medwick has had occasion to wonder how deep Durocher's sense of friendship really does go. What Medwick most wanted after his retirement was a chance to be a scout or a coach. He is now a successful St. Louis insurance executive, but he figures Durocher might have given him the opportunity to stay in baseball and, at the very least, might politely have returned some calls he made and let him down easily.)

BEST SHORTSTOP IN THE GAME

Over the four and a half years he remained in St. Louis, Durocher played his greatest baseball. A solid 178 pounds at 5 feet 9, he hit a scorching .268 in 1936 and fielded .971, making the all-star team. He was then regarded as the best shortstop in the game and one of the all-time best. Leo gave Rickey a lot of the credit for bringing him into his own as a star. "You can acquire more knowledge from Rickey than from anyone in baseball," he says. "He can talk about any phase of the game for hours at a stretch. Then he



A MOTHERLY WIFE. Grace Durocher smoothed Leo's roughest edges.

can show you how to do anything, throw a ball, field, bat, pitch, slide. He can tell in a moment how smart you are, and he's never wrong. Sometimes you'll get lost talking to him—all those long words, you won't know what half of them mean. But he'll send you away to the dictionary. I remember he said something to me once about tranquility. I looked it up and it set me to thinking. Why, if you absorb only half of what Mr. Rickey says, you'll come out ahead."

Two things happened to Durocher while he was in St. Louis to help give him self-esteem along with self-confidence. Rickey arranged for him to be invited to Annapolis as the Naval Academy's baseball coach one year. Leo did so well that he was invited back and treated like a conquering hero; and he was made captain of the Cardinals. Frisch has since called him "the heart and soul of the Gas House Gang . . . more than a motor, a human dynamo." Nevertheless, it was largely because of Frisch that Durocher left the Cards, although the ostensible reason was a sudden drop in the Durocher batting average to .203 in 1937. The two men started to have increasing differences on the field and wouldn't talk to each other for weeks at a stretch. The aging Frisch was apparently afraid that Durocher was gunning for his job. At any rate, he finally told Rickey that either he or Leo had to go. And in October, 1937, Rickey traded Durocher to the Dodgers for four over-the-hill or second-rate players.

"I thought Leo had the makings by then of a manager," Rickey says. "He had the judgment and the spirit. I

could easily see him, if his moral stature improved, being a competent person in the managerial field."

Rickey, as usual, was right. But he could scarcely have foreseen the moral crisis still to come in which he, as well as Durocher, would prominently figure, and which would scar both of them and leave a blight on baseball itself.

In many respects, although he apparently had his cap already set on becoming manager of the Giants, Durocher and Brooklyn belonged together. That Leo himself came to believe it is set down in a book he wrote with Harold Farrort, *The Dodgers and Me*, which was published, inopportunistly, only a few months before Durocher made his dramatic move from Ebbets Field to the Polo Grounds. "Brooklyn?" he rhapsodized. "I'm no long-haired guy, but about that town I think even I could sit up and write a poem. . . . It was my hope I'd spend the rest of my career in Brooklyn."

When he was first traded to the Dodgers, however, Durocher was as unhappy about it as when he had gone to St. Louis from Cincinnati. Moving from the Cards to the Dodgers of that day was tantamount to returning to the minors. The aggregation of so-called ballplayers wearing the Brooklyn uniform bore little resemblance, except in point of traditional Brooklyn address, to the Gas House Gang, and even in that they were an amateur version of a professional hit. Early in 1938, thanks partly to Rickey's influence, Larry MacPhail, perhaps the only man in baseball who could ever outmatch Durocher, became boss of the Dodgers. The manager was Barleigh Grimes. In midseason, to gain attendance, MacPhail signed Babe Ruth as a coach, and within a few weeks Ruth and Durocher were at loggerheads over who might succeed the luckless Grimes. "We had not exactly been pals when we were on the Yankee team together," Durocher wrote, and one day, after a misunderstanding over a hit-and-run signal, Leo and the Babe came to blows in the Dodger clubhouse and Durocher blackened Ruth's eye.

Grimes, who knew he was through, kept urging Durocher to go and see MacPhail. When Leo finally did, MacPhail rattled off five reasons why he would never appoint him manager, making things worse by admitting that Frisch was among those being considered. But typically, during the World Series in Chicago that fall, MacPhail suddenly called Durocher to his hotel

room and told him the job was his.

In his own flamboyant way, MacPhail was a good baseball man, but he was a winner, not a builder. He was after quick crowds and quick pennants, and he combined the two by bringing night baseball and veteran ballplayers with one or two good young left to Ebbets Field. After finishing third in 1939 and second in 1940, the formula finally worked in 1941, when the first pennant in two decades was hoisted over Flatbush.

A CLASSIC FUROR

Life under MacPhail was never easy for anyone, and for Durocher least of all. The times Larry fired Leo in fits of anger and then rehired him have never been counted, but this was a frequent occurrence. One of MacPhail's classic firings took place on the very night the pennant was won, when he reacted joyously up to 125th Street to meet the Dodgers' victory special coming in from Boston. Durocher didn't know about his boss's plans and gave orders for the train not to stop so that some of the players a bit worse for celebration wouldn't climb or fall off. MacPhail was furious. He raced back downtown and told Durocher he was through; but at 8 in the morning Leo was rehired.

The great Dodger pennant drive of 1941 had shaken Durocher at his youthful best as a manager. He had whipped his team up to a self-confident frenzy, much in the old Gashouse manner, and the Dodgers had fought their way through an opposition that had come

to hate them and had gone all out to beat them. What he had lacked in managerial finesse—his handling of pitchers was then his chief weakness—he had made up in his boundless and contagious energy and zeal. Baiting for his players every inch of the way, he had been in constant trouble with umpires and had won a deserved reputation as the scourge and scold of the league. But with a team that was always protecting a narrow lead he had proved himself a top-caliber leader.

It took only a year to demonstrate that when he got behind and the breaks weren't coming his way Durocher could let the roof drop in on him and would even help bring it down. To be sure, the Dodgers had some bad luck in 1942, but what really beat them was a combination of psychological factors, beginning with complacency and overconfidence. As the season wore on, more and more steam was let off in protracted clubhouse gambling sessions for increasingly large stakes. Durocher himself was a constant winner, although most of what he won he returned to his players as bonuses for good performances.

The consensus was that the Dodgers "blew" the 1942 pennant, even though the Cardinals played fine ball to win. Somewhat negatively, it was pointed out that they had won in 1941 when there had also been gambling on the club. Those who saw Durocher grow nervous in the clutch offer another explanation. It had to do with Leo's past and with a writer who had a grudge and wrote a short story that appeared

in a national magazine in midsummer. Transparently based on the early life of Leo Durocher, who was described in clear physical terms, it recalled an incident that went back to Durocher's days on the Yankees and that had to do with one of the popular theories for Leo's suddenly having been cast off the team and out of the league. Whatever those circumstances might have been, the story was a cruel one (the writer later said he wished he hadn't written it) but, seeing an opening, opposing players throughout the league, seldom known for their gentleness and consideration, taunted Durocher viciously during the months that followed. Durocher restrained himself admirably, except on the day the story first appeared and the next day, when he went looking for the writer with blood in his eye; but the pain inflicted undoubtedly did little to restore harmony, either for the Dodgers or in Durocher's troubled mind.

NO QUIET HUSBAND

He had already begun to have fresh domestic difficulties. Although Grace Durocher came to New York on frequent business trips, she had chosen to stay in St. Louis when Leo came to Brooklyn because her business was centered there. Friends still blame her for the decision. Off the reservation, Durocher was never out to be a quiet somebody. By 1941 rumors of divorce were already heard. MacPhail, in fact, claims to have averted court action on Mrs. Durocher's part late that year, threatening to fire Leo—for good—if Grace filed suit. The action was held off, until 1943 as it turned out, but the marriage was failing.

At the end of the 1942 season MacPhail himself was through in Brooklyn. An old war horse anyway, he had a perfect "out" when he was offered an Army commission. Two men were in line to succeed him: George Weiss, now the general manager of the Yankees, and Branch Rickey. Rickey got the job, and he and Durocher were once more together, although Leo was cast in a different role. He very nearly was not cast in it: Rickey, who never has approved of gambling, called Durocher severely to account for what had been going on in the clubhouse and then fired Charley Drossen as coach. Drossen, who was a great signal stealer and signal giver, was admittedly one of the key factors in the Dodgers' success, but Rickey was well aware that he loved races as much as runs; after a few months of audaciously "reforming"

continued on next page



"We've got him. Why doesn't he bite?"

himself, however, Durocher was rehired.

Durocher was signed back on as manager late in the winter, and appended to his contract were 12 conditions, one of which established a 15¢ limit for clubhouse poker. In Rickey's subsequent words, Leo was by no means "out of the woods." Although the Dodgers finished third in 1943, the team was still a disoriented one, and Durocher very nearly lost control of it. It was not altogether his fault—the exigencies of wartime baseball necessitated some peculiar patching jobs, and one of the Dodger patches was Bobo Newsom, a far-wandering major league pitcher with considerable ability on the mound but an almost anarchical sense of independence. In a game against the Pirates, Newsom "misunderstood" a rookie catcher's signal and threw a sneak-pitcher when a fast ball was called for; the ball soared through the backstop. After a postgame flurry of words, Durocher suspended Newsom. The next afternoon, Leo found himself faced by a full-scale clubhouse rebellion led by two veterans, Arky Vaughan and Docie Walker, the most popular Dodger of the day. The game was delayed while Durocher begged his men to get out on the field. He finally convinced them. Newsom soon left Brooklyn, but the quarrel left its mark.

THE WORST DODGERS IN HISTORY

Although Rickey's rebuilding program had already begun, the war had slowed it down, and in 1944, with what was called the worst Dodger team in history, Durocher finished seventh. Leo's personal life didn't help matters. Despondent over the breakup with his wife, he had begun to fall back on his earlier habits, frequenting race tracks and gambling heavily at cards and dice. The pattern continued the following year. That August he came close to being fired when he went to a track instead of showing up for an exhibition game in Kingston, New York, and only the fact that he told Rickey the truth saved him. His association off the field with men like George Raft, the screen actor and playboy-gambler, became a source of common gossip. In Hollywood, Leo always stayed at Raft's house.

On one occasion in New York Durocher lent his apartment to Raft, and a huge crap game took place during which a well-known aircraft manufacturer had his financial wings badly clipped. The fact that Leo wasn't there didn't make it look much better in the



"She claims to be a 2-year-old, but I don't believe it."

papers, and the District Attorney suggested he no longer lend his keys to anyone. Everyone knew Durocher was a gambler himself at heart, anyway, that whether it was bingos in Florida, gin rummy in Manhattan, or dice in Hollywood, he was ready and willing to play—and bound to win. One night during the 1945 season, he got into a gin game in New York, found himself \$400 down and told one of his club assistants to take the team to Boston, promising to be at Back Bay in the morning. He played all night, ended up \$400 ahead and rushed up to Braves Field in time to take over at game time. He later explained to one of his friends that he had known all the time he was going to win because his opponent was faking the bottom card while cutting the deck. On another occasion, when the same friend warned him about taking chances in the face of unforeseen developments, Leo quipped, "Ain't nothin' gonna be unforeseen. I'm watchin' everything."

It became a toss-up whether Rickey, who in time became aware of what was going on, stuck to Durocher as a tribute to his ability on the field or because, out of his own fund of pride, he simply refused to give up on his favorite reclamation project. He almost did give up at another point in 1945. This was after Durocher had got into a fight in

Brooklyn with a heckling fan named John Christian, whom he ordered escorted under the stands by a park policeman during the game. Just what happened was never really made clear, but someone struck Christian, who brought suit. The moderating influence of the magistrate, a Dodger fan, plus a payment to Christian of \$6,500 by the Brooklyn club, helped win an acquittal for Durocher, but it was a narrow escape for him.

ALMOST THE END

Had it not also been for the quiet intervention about this time of Sidney Weil, Leo's former boss at Cincinnati as well as an old friend of Rickey's, Durocher's career as a manager might have been summarily ended. Asked by Rickey for advice, Weil, when he found Branch's headquarters decided to get rid of Leo, stressed Durocher's good points, emphasizing his qualities of leadership and his essential soundness as a baseball man. He urged Rickey to show a final bit of "fatherly" patience and suggested 15-minute-a-day "talking sessions." Rickey accepted the advice, and Leo stayed—temporarily.

As far as the caliber of the Dodgers was concerned, the pendulum had begun to swing. Third in 1945, they ended up in a dramatic tie with the Cardinals on the last day of the season in 1946,

only to lose the play-off in two straight games. Durocher showed steady improvement as a field manager, especially as a handler of men. He was still constantly embroiled with umpires—one of his favorite targets, George Magerkurth, threw him out of a game one day and Leo was fined \$500—but it was becoming more a matter of protecting his players than shooting off his own mouth.

"MY MOTHER'S ON SECOND"

The passion for winning that has marked Durocher's career from the outset by this time had become almost a mania. He expressed it clearly and cogently during a game in Chicago, when someone asked him about sportsmanship, "Sportsmanship!" he expostulated. "That's a funny kind of word. We're pros, not amateurs. Look, are we here for except to win? What, suppose I'm playing third base. My mother's on second. The ball's hit and she goes by me on the way to third. I 'accidentally' trip her up. I'll help her up, brush her off, tell her I'm sorry. That's sportsmanship, if you like. But she doesn't get to third." His mother or Ty Cobb, Durocher never could play it any other way.

It was during the 1946 season that Leo made another one of his "philosophic" observations. It happened in the Polo Grounds, while Ed Stanky, the Dodgers' scrappy second baseman who now manages the Cardinals, was taking his practice licks. A sportswriter asked Durocher what was the matter with the Giants, then in the doldrums under Mel Ott, a great player but a failure as a manager. Durocher pointed at Stanky. "Look at him," he said. "He can't hit, he can't run, he can't throw—all he can do is beat you." Then, pointing over to the Giant bench, Leo said, "There's Mel Ott, take a good look at him. A nicer guy never put a pair of shoes on. Fine fellow. But he didn't come to win. That's the answer. Nice guys finish last."

Within a year, Durocher might well have rewritten that line to read, "Anyway, nice guys finish," for he was in the greatest trouble of his hectic baseball life.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE BUTTONED LIP

Suspended and in disgrace, Durocher first retreats to the Pacific Coast, then returns to prove his true worth.

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COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. (EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED)

May 27 through June 5

FRIDAY, MAY 27

Baseball

Australia vs. Denmark, Thomas Cup Inter-Zone play-off, Singapore (also May 30).

Baseball

Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

Lulu Perso vs. Carmelo Costa, lightweights, Madison, N.J. (E vs. L), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Ray Farnham vs. Billy Rolly, for European lightweight title, Donnybrook, Ireland (15 rds., Championship of Europe [amateur]), Dublin (until June 4).

Golf

Big Ten championship, Lafayette, Ind. (also May 28).

Harness Racing

William E. Miller Memorial, \$7,500, 1 m., 3-yr.-old pace, Roosevelt Raceway, Ocala Hill, Md.

Horse Racing

Junior League Stakes, \$15,000, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, bred in California, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

Tennis & Field

ICAA outdoor championships, Downing Stadium, Randall's Island, N.Y. (also May 30).

Big Ten championships, Columbus, Ohio (also May 30).

Pacific Coast Conference championships, Eugene, Ore. (also May 30).

SATURDAY, MAY 28

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Raleigh, N.C. (start of Champions 100-lap race, 10 minutes later).
AAA midget race, Kokomo Ind. Santa Barbara road race, Santa Barbara, Calif. (also May 29).

Baseball

New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:35 p.m. (CBS*).

Detroit vs. Chicago, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 2:35 p.m. (Midwest*).

Horse Racing

Pinkett Stakes, \$18,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, \$500 p.m. (CBS*).

Coaching Club American Oaks, \$20,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:35 p.m. (NBC).

Apprentice Handicap, \$25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds, colts & geldings, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif. Colonial Handicap, \$75,000, 5 f., 3-yr.-olds up, \$100 & more, Garden State Park, Camden, N.J. Cardinal Stakes, \$20,000, 5 f., 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont, Maryland, 11.

Horse Shows

Crown Horse Show, Dayton, Pa. (until June 4).

Hunt Racing

Al-Jorrell Hunt Meet, Purchase, N.Y. Quinceo Hunt Meet, Uxbridge, N.Y.

Judo

Natl. AAU championships, Los Angeles (also May 29).

Rowing

Scholarship Rowing Association of America championships, Philadelphia.

Western Team Championships, Newport Beach, Calif.

Swimming

Backyard Open Race, Corinthian YC, San Francisco (until May 30).

Panpan Class Spring championships, Chicago (also May 29).

Tennis

Japan vs. Philippines, Davis Cup Eastern Zone Finals, Tokyo (until May 30).

Tennis & Field

AAU Jr. Olympics and Invitational Division, Tulare, Calif.

SUNDAY, MAY 29

Auto Racing

NASCAR 100-m. stock car race, Winston-Salem,

AAA midget race, Indianapolis & Allentown, Pa. SCCA sports car race, Thompson, Conn.

Baseball

New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2 p.m. (Midwest*).

Baseball

Peterson Classic ends, Chicago.

Boxing

Epler Masters tournament, Pecos Club, New York.

Golf

St. Wayne Open, final round, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Marching Bands

NSA North-South championships, Quincy, Ill. (Nov. 1) & Clarksville, Tenn. (Nov. 11).

Motorcycling

AMA-sanctioned 5-m. rail championship dirt track race, Richmond, Va.

Openweighting

Inter-America Underwater Speedweight championships, Guyana, Surinam, Holland.

Tennis & Field

Pennsylvania Catholic interscholastic championships, Reading, Pa. West Santee to try for state title.

MONDAY, MAY 30

Auto Racing

Indianapolis 500-m. Classic, big cars, Indianapolis.

Baseball

New York vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:35 p.m. (Midwest*).

Baseball

Kuylen Anderson Memorial 50-m. tour, Somerset, N.J.

Boxing

Patience Perso vs. Yoshiko Shino, for world flyweight title, Tokyo.

Golf

Emo Point vs. Magdal Dale, welterweights, St. Louis, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (The Most).

Horse Racing

British Amateur championship, Royal Lytham & St. Anne's, England (until June 4).

Horse Shows

Twice Crown (first leg), \$10,000, 1 m., free-for-all pace, Roosevelt Raceway, Ocala Hill, Md.

Horse Racing

Cardinal Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old up, Belmont Park, N.Y. Colonial Handicap, \$20,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-old up, Saratoga, Hammond, Ill.

Motorcycling

All-Systems Sweepstakes regatta for amateurs, including natl. championship for Crocker Bay nationals, Long Beach, Calif.

Baseball

NSA North-South championships, Quincy, Ill. (Nov. 1).

Baseball

Atlanta-Oklahoma Series, Fort Smith, Ark. (until June 5).

Tennis

New England championships, Hartford, Conn. (until June 4).

Tennis & Field

Natl. AAU 25-kilo run, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TUESDAY, MAY 31

Auto Racing

AAA midget race, Hammond, Ind.

Baseball

New York vs. Cincinnati, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Baseball

Jimmy Carter vs. Wallace (Bud) Smith, for world

lightweight title, Boston Garden, Boston (15 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*).

Golf

Palm Beach Sound Hole tournament, Crispfield Golf Club, Great Neck, N.Y. (until June 5).

Horse Shows

Pan Oak show, Ballston, Tex.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3

Baseball

Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Boxing

Moore & Eddie Kennel Club, Madison, N.J.

Golf

Women's Eastern Open, Reading, Pa. (until June 5).

Horse Racing

Washington Cup, \$10,000, 3 m., free-for-all trot, Laurel Raceway, Md.

Horse Shows

Wooden Shook Stomperhand Handicap, \$10,000, about 2 1/2 m., 4-yr.-old up, Belmont Park, N.Y.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4

Auto Racing

AAA midget race, Springfield, Ill.

Baseball

Dale McInroe vs. Paddy Young, welterweights, Madison, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Tennis & Field

Compton Invitational, Compton, Calif.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

Auto Racing

AAA midget race, Chicago and Hatfield, Pa. Grand of Champions 100-lap race, Richmond, Va. NASCAR midget race, Mooresville, Va.

Baseball

Thomas Cup Series, Singapore (also June 10).

Baseball

Chicago vs. New York (AL), Comiskey Park, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. (CBS*).

Cleveland vs. Washington, Municipal Stadium, Cleveland, 1:25 p.m. (Midwest*).

Golf

National Golf Day, 14 Fingertland Race Zakariassen, the field, Olympic Club, San Francisco.

Horse Racing

Peter Pan Handicap, \$75,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-old, Belmont Park, N.Y. (also June 4).

Baseball

Stanford vs. California, Redwood City, Calif.

Swimming

New York State Club regatta, Long Island Sound, N.Y. (also June 5).

Tennis & Field

New York AC meet, Travers Island, N.Y. Central Collegiate Conference championships, Milwaukee.

Weight Lifting

Natl. AAU championship, Cleveland (also June 5).

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

Auto Racing

Belmont Grand Prix, 2 m., AAA 100-m. rail, championship race, Milwaukee. Grandfather Mt. sports car hill climb, Lenoire, N.C.

Baseball

NASCAR 200-m. stock car race, Memphis, Tenn. SCCA Golden Gate Natl. Race, sports cars, San Francisco.

Baseball

New York vs. Chicago (NL), Polo Grounds, N.Y., 2:05 p.m. (Midwest*).

Baseball

AAA tournament ends, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Box Shows

Delaware County Kennel Club, Media, Pa. Farmington District Kennel Club, Farmington Center, Me.

Pool

Southerners Intra-Circuit and Eighteen Goal Open tournaments, Warren, Tenn.

* See foot listing

PROFESSIONAL READING

Sir:

I have a friend who is a better-than-average horse trainer. His reading habits are somewhat circumscribed by professional demands: he reads *Daily Racing Form*, the daily paper wherever he is, the *Thoroughbred Gazette*, the *Blood-Horse* and *Turf and Sports Digest*. He also reads the Bible—a chapter in the am, early hours of morning before coming out to the track.

The other day he came around to my house and happened to pick up the new issue of *SI* with the birds on the cover. After a while I looked over at him. He had stopped turning pages fully, and was reading. Pretty soon he looked up.

"Fellow here got a piece about the Derby. He's better'n Palmer used to be." (Probably you are, Mr. Palmer. He would be writing for you if he were alive.) "You oughta read it." Pause; then, "Name's Faulkner. William Faulkner."

There is little to add to this, except to suggest to additional staff writers that, when they feel impelled to grab hold of such little books as "Run for the Run," "Cubensis" and the like, they might do well to turn to Mr. Faulkner. He could probably supply a better word.

CARROLL H. BRUNS

Wilson, Ark.

MEANT TO WRITE

Sir:

Meant to write after the last Faulkner article, to congratulate your magazine. Same goes, today. *Kentucky Horse Saturday* is among the finest sport features ever published . . . anywhere.

T. K. DONAVALL

Salat Paul, Miss.

SE AND FAULKNER

Sir:

Kentucky Horse Saturday by William Faulkner is one of the finest and most enjoyable articles I have ever read. Both *SI* and Mr. Faulkner are greatly to be praised.

FRANKIE MARTIN

New Orleans

PREPOTENDOUS

Sir:

Faulkner's story on the Derby made it a story and was it about the Derby? It was the shillest and most prepotendous thing I have ever read in any magazine. It is the last 247 PB ever speed for *SI*.

J. B. MILLES

New York

UNDERSTAND?

Sir:

Faulkner phoels!

Are you running a sports magazine or a highbrow review? I'll bet your editors don't understand half the words The Gentiles use. It's not just plain here.

GEORGE P. STREIBER

New York

● Physiol! We understand every word of it, including *enimamphibious*, *me-*

roanet, *magination*, *zycephant*, *undeviable*, *lumbence*, *apothecais*, *fiacre*, *sublimation*, *attenuation*, *excrement* and *laura*.—ED.

DON'T TRUST ANYONE

Sir:

"Six Leading Turf Writers" (*SI*, May 30; Photo!) Evan Shipman "Nashua Looks like a champion"; Maurice Bernau "Nashua: Rataca's the solid favorite"; Jerry McMorney "Nashua Greatest since Citation"; Maurice Sheslin "Nashua Best since Citation"; Joe McDonald "Nashua Strictly one to beat"; James Beach "Nashua: If he decides to do his best."

The horses are led into the gate; the betting has stopped and the starter opens his hand on a charged switch—"They're off." Swaps on the inside, Swaps takes the lead. Swaps Swaps Swaps Swaps Swaps. There is the stretch Nashua's running favorite (Swaps) is making his move too and there goes my two birds. Gosh darn it, you just can't trust anyone these days.—ED.

even Six Leading Turf Writers. Once again Photo!

NEIL CURRIE

Detroit

● At three years old Nashua hasn't learned to read.—ED.

WILL "FREE" UNDERSTAND?

Sir:

Your May 16 cover of Mr. Singer's bird-covered tree is one of the most brilliant and imaginative examples of creation through a mass medium that I have ever seen. It is also a striking magazine illustration in its own right. It reminded me, in its deliberately distorted perspective and fantastic attention to details, of some of our own American primitive artists of the Southwest and New England, and, in its sense of order and jewel-like tones, of a medieval manuscript. *SI* has an almost unique asset; it dares to be original, to be different, to express its own character without anxiety as to whether "THEY" will understand or approve.

ROBBIE MORRIS

Sonora, Texas

continued on next page

FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BREED

Sir:

I would like to persuade you to take a stronger editorial attitude toward the Swaps-Nashua affair (*SI*, May 23).

It seems to me that the important thing is not that we won't have a triple crown winner or a match race between two great horses, but that we probably won't get a 3-year-old champion this year—and the 3-year-old champion is the crown of the game. This is no small matter. The point of the game—similar to the game in chess, money in poker, or the World Series in baseball—is to test the breeding of Thoroughbreds at the winning post and hand to champions. That seeming casual, "improvement of the breed," which draws more offers than anything else is racing, happens to contain the only principle that gives horse racing a structure and keeps it from becoming simply a device for gambling in the end. The Belmont and Jockey clubs going, otherwise the way toward about there, have stood by the principle and given the game some stability. They also developed the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half, which is the only thing in American racing that has encouraged a trace of stamina in American breeding (you have only to look at the breeding of the money horses in the Kentucky Derby to see how). In this there is not less much we depend on Europe for stamina breeding. Now in addition with the great growth of racing and the multiplicity of big-money stakes, horses are duking each other all year long in search of easy pickings. About the only thing we've got that is calculated to bring them together is the privilege of the classics. Yet the Belmont worthies insist upon this as it is upon rule that prevents

supplementary limitations to the Belmont Stakes. I have not seen a discussion of the general strategy of nominations, nor do I know Belmont's in this case. The "breeder's race" this year will be inept. Swaps won't be properly tested, and we probably won't get a champion. The biggest loss is not to the principals but to the sport and, in that sense, to the racing fans. I think *SI* should take a position, assert its authority, and establish its influence for the good of the sport.

JOHN McDONALD

New York

● We agree the only way to crown a champion is to encourage the best to race the best—especially in the Triple Crown classics. A suggestion for the future restrengthening is the possibility of using one nomination blank for all three classics: Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont. More urgently, we believe that the 3-year-old title will have a false ring this year if Nashua and Swaps cannot meet again. If they cannot meet in a match race *SI*, May 23, there are such full opportunities as the Jockey Club Gold Cup (two miles) and the Pimlico Special (one mile and three-eighths). We remember only too well the 1934 season when Determiner won the Derby and High Noon won the Belmont—and the 3-year-old championship. These two horses, the best 3-year-olds in the country, have never yet met against one another.—ED.

SFS SCHOOL DAYS

Sir: You should be complimented on *Tireful of Birds* by Arthur Singer. The article by Robert Cushman Murphy, *What the Wild-Dove Bird Will Wear*, and the accompanying paintings were excellent also.

I am a teacher of an elementary grade in a public school. I take all your copies of *SI* to school, and everyone greatly enjoys looking through them.

MRS. KENNETH G. MARTIN JR.
Schenevick, New York

EVEN MORE

Sir: The cover which showed the tree full of birds was excellent—even superb.

LA WAYNE R. STROHMAN
Los Angeles

DID THE SWALLOWS CHANGE PLACE?

Sir: *SI* has done much to raise the status of bird watching. The May 16 issue was excellent from this point of view, especially the story by Farley Mowat, *Brother is the Hawk*.

I often think how much we owe to Teddy Roosevelt for his thinking and doing for conservation. Now we need constantly to be on guard lest "big business" take the national monuments and allow water to cover some of the beautiful gems of our country.

Did the swallows change places when the chart was being made out for cover identification? No. 19 appears more like a barn swallow than a cliff swallow, and isn't No. 17 a Bahama swallow instead of a barn swallow? Singer's true was very good and lots of fun. *SI* is a wonderful magazine. I have every issue.

DOUGHTY K. ECKSON
Chicago

● You're right. Our swallow researcher mistook her swallows, which Artist Singer had captioned correctly, and then left early for Capistrano.—ED.

I TOO, AM THANKFUL

Sir: I was deeply moved while reading Tenzing's story of his Everest climb because he has the essentials of a real mountaineer: an inner gear since childhood to dream, to go and see, and to feel; pure love for mountains, inherited and later developed; deep honesty toward all; a closeness to nature, a great closeness to God; a sense of unity with man and nature.

All the mountaineers here, I think, are very thankful for your publishing Tenzing's story in *SI*. I am, too.

MAXIMILIAN TOLSON, M.D.
Brooklyn

THAT THIN RED LINE

Sir: Tenzing's own drawing of his Everest ascent (*SI*, May 9) is not clear to me. Perhaps you can straighten it out for me, or ask the author, Mr. James Ramsey Ullman, to do so.

At the abrupt turn, shown between Camps 1 and 2, leading off from the red dotted line that is the route to the summit, another red dotted line goes off to the left, far from the way Everest was climbed. What is that line supposed to lead to, or why is it there?

This is a very great story, told by a master writer who knows his Everest, and I shall read the book, you may be sure, just as soon as I can get my hands on it. This may not be far away now, but it's twice too long even so. In the meantime, my congratulations to you for having published the serialized portion of it. That will stand as a big credit to the account of *SI*.

A. T. JACKSON JR.

San Francisco

● Ullman says that Tenzing drew the sketch while talking of his last successful and many previous unsuccessful attempts at Everest. Tenzing remarked that years before he had been part of an expedition that approached Everest from the north side and had climbed to a pass called Lho La (at the far left of Tenzing's sketch). But the expedition did not take the red-lined route marked by Tenzing; it is impassable. He just happened to draw the line while talking.—ED.

YOU HATE HIM OR LOVE HIM

Sir: Finally an article on a man who has always been interesting and exciting. A Fat on the Back to you for presenting a long overdue story on Mr. Leo Darcher (*SI*, May 23). Mr. Shapiro promises to bring Leo to the people who will be most interested.

I have just finished Part One of the story and I'm already anxiously waiting for the final part. I've been a Giant fan since 1941 but only since Leo came to the Giants have I been a fan of his. The answer is simple. You either hate him or love him. I hated him before he came to the Giants but the second he was on "my side" he had another died-in-the-wool fan.

GEORGE K. HARTON
Stern, Conn.

WHO ALIVE IN THE U.S.T.

Sir: I would like to congratulate you on your fine article on the Pirates in the May 16 *SI*. It is the first magazine that I have read that has any faith in the Pirates. Everyone else laughs at them and I'm happy to see that someone in the U.S. beside the faithful Pittsburgh fans are for them. Branch Rickey is a great man, and is doing a remarkable job. The kids are playing their hearts out and will spell trouble for the rest of the league.

LANCE LEVIN
Middletown, Pa.

INSIDE

Sir: One of your better recent articles was written by Paul Richards on baseball strategy (*SI*, May 16). Here is an article that really explains the inside tactics and should be read by all fans who want to know more about the game.

FREDERICK J. MILLER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

WILL I GUNN HIM?

Sir: Enjoy your magazine immensely and was so impressed with Zern's reports on Florida fishing that I decided to just come on down. If I find he has let me down I will

dunk Ed Zern in the lake the next time he comes down here.

EDMUND L. COX
Lakeland, Fla.

● Mr. Zern will not be dunked. Mr. Cox reported later: "I got to brooding over Ed Zern's *FISHERMAN'S* California reports on Florida waters and one day I just packed up and left Missouri. First time I set my spinning line a two-pound largemouth black bass hit my Brown Gadwall lure and I became a happy man with big plans for the future, including a trailer, outboard, and unlimited fishing."—ED.

THIS IS BOXING

Sir: I want to say that your article "Boxing With Gloves Off" (*WOMAN'S WORLD*, May 16) was excellent. I'm glad our magazine has taken the initiative to show up boxing for what it really is. Maybe someday it will become a respected sport again.

DONALD GOSMAN

Dearborn, Mich.

A. LINCOLN SAID IT

Sir: I have read your recent article regarding boxing and the obvious disclaimer which should be made in order to preserve boxing as a legitimate American sport. I have also read the rebuttal written by boxing's "Syndicate" and have been interested to see that in not one single case could Mr. IBC or any of his henchmen legally defend themselves against the facts you reported.

For a while it seemed like televised boxing was actually adhering to "the man who out-boxes his opponent or knocks him out wins the fight"—these days were short-lived! On Friday, May 12, 1955 a fight between Jones and Launce was televised and the decision went to Launce—really! What in the world do they take the American public for? I am not in a position to find fault with the excited heads of IBC—however, I am very happy that they control only boxing, because if they had their fat, grubby hands in any other sport I am sure that it would smell just as bad as boxing does today.

This letter had been quite some time in the making; I have witnessed several fights which almost prompted me to write. However, Friday, May 13 was just too much. I certainly hate Mr. J. D. Norris made this letter because he will do his best to remember something Mr. A. Lincolns said years ago: "You may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

B. D. SWINICK
Metairie, La.

E. ARCADE

Sir: Congratulations to apprentice writer, one E. Arcade, on his wonderful description of Nabobs, *That How I Ride* (*SI*, May 2). Also to Whitney Young for his excellent preview of the Derby.

BEN WALTERS
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

ARE THEY BETTER?

Sir: In the picture "All-Time Dream Derby" (*SI*, May 9) you show the 23 fastest winners. I am wondering why, out of the seven

fastest horses that ever won the Derby, five were horses of the 1840s. How do you account for the fact that thus far, every winner of the '50s is represented? Are horses now running faster, are jockeys better, is the track better?

JOSEF A. DEER

Indianapolis

● The competition is looser. In the old days, when the entry fee was \$500 compared to today's \$1,500, the majority of starters were complimentary entries who ran mainly to give their owners the satisfaction of having a horse in the Derby. In the last few years virtually every horse entered was a real contender in top condition. This means the early part of the race is run faster, forcing the ultimate winner to drive hard for a fast time. The great horses of the past could have posted as good or better times, but just didn't have to exert themselves very much to win.—ED.

DREAM DERBY

Sirs:

Your article on the Kentucky Derby was particularly interesting to me. What intrigued me most was the mention of the "All-Time Dream Derby." I was very much surprised to notice that two horses were conspicuous by their absence. They were, oddly enough, the last two Triple Crown winners, Assault (1946) and Citation (1948). Would you let me know what their winning times were and where they rank among the Derby winners?

WILLIAM A. LOBE

Hartford, Conn.

● Neither Citation nor Assault posted a fast win. Citation's time of 2:05½ on a sloppy track ranks 29th (matched

by Regret in 1915 and Zer in 1920). Assault ranks 35th with 2:06½ on a slow track.—ED.

YOU WILL BE DELUGED

Sirs:

Your writer, Boston Herald in his May 9 larcose article entitled *Still 'em' Nip 'em' Score!* writes so entertainingly that I hesitate to take exception.

However, you will be deluged, probably, by larcose folk who object to description of the game as a form of mayhem. Actually, our injuries are minor and few in number due to the protective equipment which is used.

Quoting me as enthusing over the beautiful body-check which smashed my leg is a slight exaggeration, but I'm sure Mr. Herndon meant it as atmospheric allusion rather than fact. Also, while I'm probably a "reluctant from an old ladies' home," the institution in question is the only one of its kind in the East with resort hotel atmosphere and with nursing care. College Manor has many distinguished elderly guests of both sexes, many of them ardent sports fans.

At any rate, the writer caught the passionate fervor of the typical larcose fan. The 12,500 attendance at the Maryland-Navy game, incidentally, is a record for a single game but as many as 20,000 have watched double-headers in Baltimore.

W. H. MOORE III

Larcose coach, U.S. Naval Academy
Lutherville, Md.

THE WORST, POSSIBLY

Sirs:

Still 'em' Hip 'em' Score! was possibly the worst thing that could have happened to the game of larcose. In his attempt for sensational copy Mr. Herndon presented an extremely distorted view of the game with unbalanced descriptions of the dangers in-

volved and completely inaccurate statements concerning the rules.

What with the false information given the sports public about larcose it is little wonder that gross misconceptions exist and that its growth is severely limited. It is an exciting and fast-moving game requiring, among other things, the ability to give and take body contact. The sport is governed by a well-contrived set of rules designed to make the game a safe one for the players. The rules are enforced by qualified officials so as to make for an entirely wholesome game.

Larcose is a relatively new game to the Midwest and even newer to the extensive athletic program at Ohio State. As the game is not played in the secondary schools of this area few students have the opportunity of seeing larcose before enrolling at this university. The boys enjoy learning a new game and give their all in playing it. I think they are entirely justified in viewing neither Herndon's nor my article as concerning their team.

HOWARD G. KNUTHEN

Ohio State University

Columbus

DO WE REMEMBER

Sirs:

Boston Herald's larcose article was tremendous. It captured much of the "rock 'em, sock 'em" tenor of the game and took both of us back to our postwar undergraduate days at Syracuse.

How well we remember the frantic clash between Roy Simmons' Orangemen and RPI, for the "mythical" Kansen championship, when the students were allowed to invade the sanctity of Syracuse's Archbold Stadium!

Larcose is certainly deserving of RPI's coverage. Let the dubious find a spot on the sidelines some spring Saturday afternoon.

MR. & MRS. ROGER WITBERGILL
East Greenbush, N.Y.



"To think a keen battle of wills between oily men and gullible fish could wind up like this!"

PAT ON THE BACK



THE MOSES

A test for horsepower in distinctly different forms has made Stirling and Pat Moss well known to sporting folk in England. Stirling at 25 is a world famed sports car driver, having won Italy's tortuous Mille Miglia (SL, May 9) and other top races. Pat, five years younger than her brother, is a successful horsewoman. She won her first jumping competition at six, has taken hundreds more since. Pat drives well too, recently won a ladies handicapped race, piloting an MG like a veteran.



MRS. ALPHONSO RAGLAND

Pretty Betty Ragland, 38, a Dallas housewife who needs glasses for ordinary vision, has become one of the country's best in the exacting sport of skeet shooting. Betty married a skeet shooter four years ago, took up the sport to avoid becoming a "skeet widow." Her husband taught her so well that Betty tied for a national title only three months after she learned to fire a shotgun. A native New Yorker, Betty is a crack shot in the field, raises and trains bird dogs as a hobby.

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